



THE INNIS HERALD

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Editors-in-chief: Cass Enright & Antonia Yee
Brewculture Editor: Cass Enright
Creatives Editor: W.N. O'Higgins
Entertainment Editor: Ed McLaughlin
Innis News Editor: Vicky Loh
Music Editor: Milena Placentile

Production Editor: Marijke de Looze
Distribution Co-ordinator: Bronwyn Enright

Herald Logo: Lenny Cohen
Original Cover Art by: Justine Jackson

Contributors: Austin Acton, Kelly Armstrong, B.D.C., Joanne Csillag, Tatyana Dachuck, John De Almeida, Kim DeCastris, Christina de Melo, Bart Egnal, Cass Enright, Idan Erez, Justine Jackson, Jing-Ling Kao, Brian Kim, Albert Lacey, Andrew Lee, Vicky Loh, Linda Loucheaux, Glen Lou-Hing, Alexi Manis, Ed McLaughlin, Lisa McMartin, Klara Michal, W.N. O'Higgins, Milena Placentile, David Powell, Olivia Rallis, Ralph the Wonder Llama, Joel Schuster, Sexy Susie, Shiny and Happy, Diane Sidik, Pete Sobchak, Lori Turnbull, Antonia Yee, Richard Yee, Dan Zachariah, Kate Ziemann.

Special Thanks to: Susan Matheson, Sirje Lautens and David Powell for providing information and articles about Innis events on such short notice. Another special thanks goes out to Luke Sneyd for everything -- Luke, you know why.

About the Innis Herald...

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The paper is published at the beginning of each month by Centra Web Reproductions. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We love to receive letters to the editor or just plain comments both praising and criticizing the issue in general, or any specific articles contained within the paper. We reserve the right to edit any submissions containing sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content, in consultation with the author. All writing and artwork must be accompanied by the author's real name and telephone number. Upon request, however, articles may be published under a pseudonym. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald are attributable only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of the Innis Herald, its staff, or Innis College.

Please deliver or mail submissions and letters to the Editor to room 305 (west wing) at Innis College, or leave them in the Innis Herald Mailbox in room 127 at Innis College, or e-mail them to cass.enright@utoronto.ca. We are located at 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto ON, M5S 1J5. Our office phone number is 978-4748, or you can fax us at "attention Innis Herald" 978-5503.

INNIS HERALD ELECTIONS ARE COMING!

Are you interested in joining the Herald staff next year? The following positions are available, to be elected (all of them!)

- Editor
- Treasurer
- Distribution Co-ordinator
- Music Section Editor
- Innis News Section Editor
- Entertainment Section Editor
- Arts & Literature Section Editor

To be eligible to run for any of these positions, candidates must have submitted at least three pieces of work to two different issues of the Herald. More information will be available after Reading Week. Inquire at the Herald office (Room 305, old wing) or call us at 978-4748!

For the first time in the last five years, the Innis Herald has made an effort to be part of Innis College. We have made contact with almost all the representative groups at Innis College: the administration, the student unions, the clubs, the residence and, of course, the ICSS government, in order to promote all these groups' events and encourage unity at the College. Our intention this year was to change the Herald from a stoner rag to a forum for all of Innis' voices to be represented and heard by the rest of U of T. Outside of this newly acquired mandate, we are proud to be an "arts" paper, focusing on all types of arts from film to creative writing. We are not a newspaper, nor do we pretend to be. We leave that kind of coverage to *The Varsity* and the newspaper, who publish bi-weekly and weekly, not once a month.

This past month has brought much criticism to the Herald. Some of it is warranted, some of it is not. Several Innis students, including the majority of our student government, have decided that the Innis Herald is a terrible paper, and we, the editors, have failed miserably at our jobs. While no paper enjoys unanimous support, it seems to us that we have failed in producing a paper which can boast a solid majority of Innis support. But we think we know why.

Firstly, it is very difficult for us to gauge the success of our paper when students don't approach us with criticisms. Until this past month, we were unaware that some people thought so poorly of the Herald. In the past, we encountered only mild criticisms. Some people mentioned the print should be bigger. We took the matter under consideration and made an editorial decision that our print size is comparable to that of other university papers. People complained that we didn't have enough pictures, and although we are no Sun, we have made an effort to include more. Some people didn't like the poetry or stories, but that is a matter of artistic taste. If you think you can do better, then please submit something to us. Otherwise, we believe that it is unkind of you to criticize those students who make an honest effort and who are brave enough to submit their works for print. Now we hear that the Herald is "crap".

We want to know to what, exactly, this comment refers.

The staff at the Innis Herald wants your feedback. We make this explicitly clear in our masthead. We can make the necessary changes to upgrade our paper only if you tell us what you'd like to see.

Secondly, our job as editors is to edit what we receive. It is very difficult to promote Innis events and Innis opinions when we have to browbeat students into submitting articles. It is frustrating that, in spite of these repeated reminders and desperate pleas, very few articles ever come forth.

We find it ironic that although the Innis Herald advertises for new writers exclusively at Innis College and the Innis residence, half of the contributors to almost any given issue are not Innis students. Why is this? you may ask. Our answer is that the majority of Innis students are simply not interested in contributing to the paper, just in passing judgment on it. In fact, while our staff begs Innis students to contribute, we field phonecalls from students at New College, Vic and UC who do not know us personally, but who really want to write for our paper of their own volition. Apparently, some U of T students do feel that our paper is worth both reading and writing for. In fact, the Herald has managed to attract several high-calibre writers.

This year we have had the honour of publishing articles by ex and current Varsity writers, an award-winning Toronto Star writer, a former Rolling Stone Magazine writer, a freelance writer for Eye magazine, and various amateur freelance writers. We don't mention this to intimidate potential writers, but rather to entice new contributors. The Herald is also proud to be the training-ground for many students who have never been published previously. True, not all our material is of equal quality, but this is because we want to hear all your voices. We undertake to help struggling writers improve themselves.

It is my hope that this editorial will motivate some of you to write and submit articles to the Innis Herald in the future. We want Innis student input — that's what we're here for. Your money pays for the Innis Herald; take advantage of the great opportunities which the Herald affords you.

Letters To The Editor

I Can't Believe The Government...

I remember maturity being a hot issue in high school. All those nerds and antisocial freaks who were supposedly too mature for their own good, and the cool, popular and very expressive opposites who reminded you of little kids with their trivial obsessions. I thought university is supposed to be for the budding adult, so why does it still look like a bunch of 10 year olds flinging mud at each other? What it all boils down to is that the Auntie Herald was one big load of garbage, and such a poor indication of student spirit that it made the Herald look like a great piece of journalism. Hasn't anyone explained to the ICSS that using foul language not only denotes a really low level of intelligence and literacy, but also a lack of integrity and legitimacy? I can't believe the government that is representing the students at Innis has lowered itself to toilet humor, and is spending students' money on it. The worst thing is that they're proud of it, flaunt it, and cry out victory for democracy.

Maybe some of the very limited content has some merit, as in what's happening in Toronto, and that the Innis editors are bad at their jobs. That's nothing compared to what the ICSS has shown themselves to be. I must admit that the Herald is of poor quality when compared to the other campus papers, and that the editors may not be doing the best job possible. But let me tell you that something like the Auntie Herald is the farthest cry of a solution imaginable. The fact that articles are rejected is only partially the fault of editors. The main problem is that articles submitted are often so poorly written that publishing them would embarrass not only the author, but the newspaper and the student body it represents as well. It was never about the censorship of ideas, and if the Auntie Herald is an indication of the quality of article that the ICSS can produce, no wonder the Herald doesn't publish them.

If the Herald is to get better, it should stop squabbling with the ICSS about budgets

and editors, and give the students the government and newspaper they're entitled to. I don't scream out all my personal problems, domestic intrigues and the like. Like most mature individuals, I strive to solve my problems with the people involved. It really isn't fair for the Herald or Auntie Herald to be used simply to express a select number of personal views. For both the Herald and the ICSS, all I can say is quit fighting over illusions of grandeur (you're only university groups... not the Government of Canada or the Globe and Mail), and do your job.

As for the countless who applaud the Auntie Herald because they find the Herald dull and listless, when did you last contribute? Students at U of T are some of the most diverse in the country, doing so much on campus and in the community. Newspapers are about sharing ideas and experiences, not of the editors and staff, but of the students themselves. So if you are involved in something, or know of an upcoming event, write a paragraph or two and submit. The Herald can only be what people make of it, and instead of complaining or wasting effort on trash, do something about it.

It's really sad that the Auntie Herald ever needed to come out. I really hope that the ICSS reconsiders next time it wants to use student dollars to humiliate itself in public. And if nothing else, I hope they ask us what we think. Democracy never flowed one way, and if so, it never worked.

Klara Michal

The Ruling Party

I had the misfortune of wading through the ICSS's sub-literate production, the Auntie Herald. Talk about a new low for student journalism. This is supposed to replace the Herald? And meanwhile my student fees are subsidizing their feud... What's really the point of attacking the Herald right now? True, the quality's hit and miss. It has been for years. But if anything, it's been slowly improving—

without much support from the ICSS dagger-crew. From here it looks a lot like the ICSS is simply testy about their administration getting bad reviews. They're attacking the people criticizing them, trying to convince Innis students that our sacred money would be better spent elsewhere. Maybe it's time the paper was shut down. Nice democratic solution.

Let's talk about responsible use of funds. The ICSS has spent money on the Auntie Herald, a Massage Club whose members use the funds to get massages, a big Star Wars poster in their office, and Star Wars give-aways for a special trilogy screening that was barely advertised. And I'm sure they don't spend any student money on post-meeting beer runs... Let's look at the cuts they've made. They've slashed the budgets for the Cinema Studies Student Union, responsible for Free Friday Films, and the Environmental Studies Student Union, who had big plans for celebrating Earth Week at the college. They've also cut funds to the Innis library. They're systematically cutting traditional support, to give them a bigger pot to dip into. "Fight Whitley"? Joel—you are Whitley! You and the ICSS government are out-establishing the establishment with a grab for power and money that's plain for anyone who cares to see it.

The ICSS certainly has enough social events. But Innis social events are barely advertised, and benefit the same group of people over and over again. They say they'll advertise the events in the Auntie Herald, but why should we have to suffer through so much juvenile garbage just to find out what's going on? Why not poster more extensively at the College like a normal campus group?

This incarnation of the ICSS is consistently undermining the College community and adding nothing constructive. They think they can get away with anything (with the Auntie Herald they probably will). The College lacks both the nerve and the ability to deal with them, so it's up to us. Next election, vote, and kick the bums out.

Pete Sobchak

Innis College News

You're Not Gonna Believe The Shit That's Been Going On!

ICSSS embarrasses Innis College

Infighting within Student Government continues as Innis tries to clean up the mess

What began as a proposal for a bi-weekly Innis College Student Society (ICSSS) newsletter has ended as a nightmare for Innis College. On Tuesday January 20th, copies of the ICSSS newsletter entitled "The Innis College Auntie Harold" were slipped under every door in Innis Residence and also placed in the Pit at the College. Within the three page, double-sided, photocopied newsletter were some expected and unexpected items. Expected were things like a report on updated weekly events on the club and party scene at UoT. Unexpected were the excrement jokes, the racist jokes, the sexist jokes, the intense criticism of the Innis Herald, the personal and slanderous attacks on Innis Herald editors William O'Higgins and Cass Enright and the flagrant contradictions within the publication.

The headline article, the "Auntie

Harold's Statement of Intent" outlined the purpose of the paper as not only being a frequent ICSSS update, but also a checks-and-balance publication whose intent was to keep an eye on the Innis Herald. This, of course, was not what the ICSSS government originally agreed upon, and therefore the publication in itself was a violation of the passed resolution. Within the publication, there were two articles that specifically attacked the Innis Herald, which were accompanied by random attacking commentaries throughout. The article entitled "What Sucks in the Herald this Month?" by Richard G. Slater attacked Creations Editor William O'Higgins for his contributions, Editor Cass Enright for conflict of interest and all of the editors for a lack of "journalistic integrity". The second notable article was by Heather Frost, entitled "The Herald Editors Are In-

competent". Frost wrote that the Herald editors "substitute opinion for fact" and laid a personal attack on Enright by writing that he uses the paper to advance his social life. Apparently, according to Frost, "It's no wonder his staff is so small." Also published were a gay pornography review, a comic depicting bestiality, a sexual crossword, two racial slurs and countless sexist comments.

The Auntie Harold created such a stir that Gary Spencer, the Dean of Innis Residence commented, "I have an e-mail from one of my dons that says many many students have gone to complain to their dons because it was put under their door in the residence and they want to know why and that they found it offensive." Since then, there have been two official letters of complaint filed to Spencer. John Browne, Principal of Innis College has

also told the Herald that there have been many complaints voiced to him from senior administrators disgusted with the tone of voice in the ICSSS publication. Other University of Toronto publications such as University College's Gargoyle and Woodsworth College's Woody have discussed the controversy surrounding the Auntie Harold with feature articles within their latest editions. Editors of both publications are members of CINSSU and spend much of their time at Innis College. To add fuel to the fire, there was no consensus within the ICSSS government with regards to its actions. ICSSS President Joel Schuster was the person responsible for seeing the Auntie Harold to press and has since been held responsible for the damages that have come forth.

The public seems to be shocked that the ICSSS President along with a few

ICSSS government members would take it upon themselves to see that such a publication would surface. "I thought that Innis was capable of more," said Donald Boere, Registrar of Innis College. Students, meanwhile have had a near split vote with regards to whether they like or dislike the publication. Some regard it as a "big joke", while others see it as offensive.

As the ads for submissions to the Auntie Harold remain posted in the hallways of Innis College and Innis Residence, their caricature depiction of large woman and with the title overhead "To my fat bitch Aunt" has become uglier and even more offensive as the mess created seems greater to clean up every day. The embarrassment created by the ICSSS publication has just begun to echo throughout the university and the true damages still remain to come.

Do You Like The Auntie Harold?

Compiled by
John De Almeida, Glen Lou-Hing and Victoria Loh



Glen Lou-Hing: I was quite displeased with the level of maturity or the lack thereof in the Innis Auntie Harold. The comments were suited for mindless adolescent barbarians, not intellectual university students.



Clayton Gabes: I thought the Auntie Harold was much better than the regular old Innis Herald.



Mike Audet: I found it to be mean-spirited and I didn't find anything good about it at all.

AUNTIE HAROLD APOLOGIZES

Joel Schuster, President of the ICSSS

To anyone who was offended by the "Auntie Harold" publication, I would like to extend my deepest apologies. I didn't realise that people would be so offended by it. However, because some of you were, I apologize both personally and professionally. I am sorry to have offended or insulted anyone, and hope that you will accept my apology.

I would also like to thank the people who were brave enough to stand up against something which they didn't like. Because of your input, the ICSSS student government has decided not to publish the Auntie Harold again. This conclusion was made possible by your feedback. Because some of you stood up against something you didn't like, changes have been made. I thank anyone who gave their input on this matter; constructive criticism is always welcome.

I recommend that any Innis College resident or student interested in contributing to future ICSSS decisions attend our next general meeting, which will be held Tuesday February 10th at 9:10 pm. The ICSSS will meet in the Pit at Innis, and will proceed to a classroom from there. Any Innisite is encouraged to speak and vote at these meetings. I urge you to join our discussion: your voice makes a difference.

Word On The Street: Others Have Their Say

The tone is not right. It's not the kind of tone we've ever had presented in the college before, and I don't think it's in the interest of the college to present itself in that way. I don't know if the college's interests are served by having itself portrayed that way. I've had a lot of negative comments from my colleagues. I've got letters and a lot of comments from senior administrators from the College saying that they don't

think that the kind of the tone in it is the kind which should be associated with the college.
--John Browne, Principal

I thought that Innis was capable of more.
--Donald Boere, Registrar

I thought the crossword was the best. It's the only one I've ever

gotten in my life.
--Lindsay Maaminimahraraj, Innis Resident

I didn't like it. It wasn't funny.
--William Song, Innis Resident

I thought it was quite meaningless.
--Jennifer Chan, Innis Resident

The Stats Tell All

One hundred Innis residents were asked "Do you like the Auntie Harold?"



Next Innis Herald General Meeting: Thurs., Feb. 12th, 5pm in the Herald Office
In Room 305, on the top floor of the old wing of Innis, or call us at 978-4748
Time is running out on your chance to contribute to the Herald!

NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

Student Union Update

During an ICSS meeting in late November of last year, ICSS, ENSU and CINSSU representatives agreed that the ICSS government should approach the student unions at the beginning of 1998 with a proposal to address and resolve the grievances which arose from the ICSS government's controversial decision to fund student unions according to the amount of members who are enrolled at Innis College. The ICSS government's new policy resulted in a budgetary loss of approximately two-thirds for both Innis student unions. Although CINSSU members have approached the ICSS government in the new year to request this proposed proposal, none has been forthcoming.

Innis Career Night '98 Were We Impressed!

On January 20, 1998, ambitious Innis students were given an opportunity to get career advice from Innis alumni at the third annual Career Night. In all, over forty students crowded into the Event Room at Innis Residence to hear firsthand how Innis Grads got their start and how their career paths unfolded. The informal atmosphere allowed for one-on-one discussion and more personal dialogue between the students and alumni. After each alumnae gave a brief bio on themselves, students were encouraged to introduce themselves to the individuals that most interested them.

Led by Martha MacEachern, President of the Innis College Alumni Association and now with the Toronto Raptors, other representatives included: Fred Mott of Midland Walwyn; Pierre Blum of Canadian Pacific Hotels; and, Kimberly Nash of Ogilvy & Mather. Especially popular were the Cinema Studies crowd led by Jim Shedden of the AGO and Joel and Deborah Kwinter. Borrowing from their respective experiences at Cineplex Odeon and as independent consultant, Joel and Deborah gave a great deal of insight into what it takes to make it in the film industry.

Sirje Lautens, the event organizer, was very pleased with the outcome of Career Night saying "The [Alumni] Association wanted to do something for the students before their graduation that could have a positive impact on both their academic and professional career".

THE "GREENING" OF INNIS OPEN SPACE

David Powell, Program Counsellor
Innis Environmental Studies Program

The initiative to green the open space around the College originated as part of a student's Environmental Studies Program course project. The student recommended changes to the open space that would make it both more attractive for users, and more environment-friendly. The House Committee of Innis College Council gave its approval for a second student in the Design in Environment Program to develop a plan for the open space, which she did, in part as a course project, and in part as a Work-Study student. As part of her work, she surveyed many users of the courtyard space behind the College. The results of the survey indicated that users wanted the space to be naturalized, but for significant open space to remain. During this time, a third student developed a detailed plan for a roof-top garden above the Innis Café.

When the roof was redone last summer, there was some money in the budget for repairing damage to the courtyard from construction activity. With approval from the administration of the College, some of this money was used to implement the first stage of the open space plan, by creating a border for native shrubs and perennials with a mulch pathway running through it. Large rocks were added for seating and to enhance the "naturalization" of the courtyard, and a few shrubs were planted.

Further work will be approved and implemented (including volunteer work) by a Garden Sub-committee of the House Committee. Anyone who wishes to join this sub-committee and get their hands dirty, should contact Susan Matheson or Margot Kempton-Padmore.

Continued on page 5

ENSU's Calendar of Upcoming Events

Thursday, February 12

• ENSU's Pub Night - at The Ferret and Firkin (Spadina - south of Bloor)
B:30 pm

Environment Week:

Tuesday, February 24

• ENSU Information Booth & Bakesale, Innis Pit
11:00 am to 2:00 pm

• Environmental Information Session with Barbara Schaffer (from the Recycling Dept.), Location Not Yet Determined, 12:00 pm

Thursday, February 26

• Information Booth Day at Sidney Smith (Some of the groups participating will be: ENSU, OPIRG, TEA, IndEco & the Toronto Works Dept.)
11:00 am to 2:00 pm

• Clothing Swap (co-sponsored by ENSU & OPIRG), Sidney Smith

Friday, February 27

• Clothing Swap at Sidney Smith (Whatever Clothes Are Left Over Will Be Donated to the UofT Clothing Bank)
(* This Calendar is still Tentative - There are More Events to Come, so be watching for Posters or call us at 978-1786 *)

Moving Up The Hierarchy

Lisa McMartin

Recycling programs, such as our beloved Blue Box, have been successful in soliciting public participation and acting as a symbol of the public's concern for the environment. However, debate has begun on whether we need to move beyond recycling—move up the 3Rs hierarchy to the reuse of materials.

Recycling programs are capable of targeting a wider variety of materials than deposit return systems. Certain materials such as paper cannot be reused, and therefore recycling offers the only method of diverting that portion of the waste stream. Beverage containers on the other hand can be dealt with differently, through the use of refillable bottles and a deposit return system. Recycling plastic is extremely expensive, contributing to low recycling rates. However, if beverage containers were collected outside the Blue Box program, there would be more space for more profitable materials such as fibre, thereby potentially increasing revenues.

We just need to take a look at The Beer Store to understand the potential of refillable bottles. Their recovery rate

was 97.6% in 1995, and it is paid for strictly by the private sectors (the brewers and customers). This is unlike the Blue Box recycling program, which according to reports by Metro Toronto and the City of Toronto, recycles less than 50% of beverage containers and has cost Metro, excluding North York, \$1.7 million a year to recycle plastic pop bottles. Unfortunately, it is getting harder and harder to find stores which sell pop in refillable glass bottles; currently only about 2% of soft drinks are sold in these containers.

The ability of recycling to solve our pollution problems is inherently limited. Because of growing economies and increasing consumption, recycling fails to deal with the critical problems of resource depletion and waste. Reuse and reduction must therefore become priorities. Higher recovery rates, like The Beer Store has achieved through refillables, result in a reduced need for landfills, less air and water pollution, energy savings, and fewer habitats being destroyed from mineral extraction and production.

In response to these issues, the To-

ronto Environmental Alliance (TEA) has launched a province-wide campaign—Return to Reuse, and is encouraging UofT students to get involved. A supermarket downtown has been targeted in an attempt to get it to support refillable bottles. TEA is looking for volunteers who are interested in doing any of the following:

- becoming involved with publicity, education, and public action,
- swaying store policy,
- organizing community information meetings, or
- writing articles for community newspapers.

If you would like to learn more or volunteer your time, TEA will be having two information meetings: one on Monday, February 9 at 6:00pm, the other on Monday, February 23 at 6:00pm, both at 122 St. Patrick St., suite 209. In addition, TEA will be at Sidney Smith on Wednesday, February 25 as a part of Environment Week, so if you would like to learn more about reusable and refillable bottles come pay a visit. For any inquiries contact TEA at 596-0660.

Does the Public have the right to know?

Lori Turnbull

On January 31st, the panel debate on journalistic ethics, called "The Public's Right to Know," was well worth the admission for students (Free) but definitely not worth the \$15 for non-students. The advertised principal speaker, Toronto Star editorial page editor Haroon Siddiqui, abruptly left at the break after making petty attempts to discredit U of T professor and Globe and Mail columnist Rick Salutin.

Siddiqui told the audience that "you have a right not to read Rick Salutin. You have a right to good taste." Whatever Siddiqui's personal issues for cutting out early, the debate addressed a cutting-edge topic: the media's conflictual role in society today. Addressing the tragic death of Princess Diana and Bill Clinton's numerous sex scandals, the panelists' central question was: whose rights take precedence? The public's right to know or the celebrity's right to protect their reputation and privacy?

Siddiqui said "'the public's right to know' is often seen as [a] self-serving [defense] by the media, which it is." Panelist Stuart Robertson, a Canadian Press lawyer, said we never see someone sue a publication for breach of privacy, and that celebrities and citizens alike should start thinking about taking such recourse so as to protect their rights to privacy. Panelist Robert Martin, a law professor at Western University, said that very few public figures - save for former PM Pierre Trudeau - ever stand up to the media. Martin recounted the famous incident when an intrusive reporter asked Trudeau about his "troubled marriage" and Trudeau responded by asking the reporter about his own marital problems. The reporter quickly changed the topic to matters of state. Martin says "there's a need for a little bit more robustness on the part of public figures."

The problem of questionable journalistic ethics is largely because journalism is not a certifiable, regulated profession, says Martin. "Anyone who calls himself/herself a journalist can be one," he said. But Salutin said that the Clinton sex scandal is refreshing because everybody can understand it, whereas these same reporters fail in their duty to simplify and make understandable more pressing political issues like the MAI, says Salutin. The prez's sex scandal "teaches people that the leader of a country can be just as goofy as anybody else." Salutin also took square aim at Clinton, saying that because of his sex scandal problems, he has let the mass starvation of Iraqi children to continue.

Salutin's moral inference was that innocent children shouldn't have to starve just because of Clinton's personal problems. And the question-and-answer period went smoothly despite Siddiqui's abrupt departure.

Taddle Creek Award Scandal: Are We Responsible?

Klara Michal

The selection of the Taddle Creek Resident Award winners is being redone, and it's a victory for the students. Or that is what's being claimed. This year, for the first time, it was deemed necessary at an emergency meeting of the Awards, Admissions and Counseling committee to repeat the selection process because flaws in the original process were found. As in the past, the recipients of the award were chosen at a meeting in the last week of December. At the meeting, no students showed up. This is nothing new, it seems, since over the last 11 years, the same thing has been happening. But this year, it became a problem.

A letter of complaint came to the attention of a member of the committee which outlined concerns

about the lack of student input, the issue of quorum not being met, problems with the notification of the meeting, and finally, the possibility that students who received it were not the best candidates for the award. All of these charges together were deemed very serious, and future changes both to the ICC constitution and the conditions of the award itself will be dealt with in the future as a result.

But choosing new award recipients? A victory for the students?

The fact that students didn't show up for the meeting was a combination of bad timing for the meeting and little notification. But something that many people forget is the responsibilities of students elected to represent all Innis students on the ICC. Attendance has been a perpetual problem. Students

don't check their mailboxes, forget to attend meetings, and don't send alternates if they truly cannot be there. It was proposed that students should be notified by all means possible, e-mail, phone and mailbox notice, but is this really necessary? Students should realize that they must take on the responsibility themselves when in the position of representing others. From all around the campus, students complain that their voices are not heard, and yet when they have the opportunity before them, they don't even show up for the meetings?

It is true that quorum wasn't met, and that notification was poor for this meeting. The ICC constitution is going to be changed to deal with these issues, but in my opinion, that isn't the biggest problem, or the best solution.

By defining every single little rule in the constitution, it becomes so restrictive that it takes power away from individuals. By giving students the responsibilities that are equally given to those in positions of power in the real world, it empowers them. The responsibilities are not restrictive and set in stone, but are flexible... and important. Getting countless reminders is a luxury in the real world, for if you don't make your commitments, you pay the consequences. And honestly, by giving out new awards, you are focusing on these problems, but not solving them.

Those that received the award the first time are left with the impression of not being worthy of it. The decisions of those who adjudicated the awards were made to the best of

their ability, regardless of student input. Rejudicating the awards questions these persons' capability to choose. And finally, this returns to the question of why students don't show up for these meetings in the first place. Most awards and scholarships are given without any consultation with students. We're lucky here at Innis, but this privilege doesn't come free. I agree that change is needed, but to blame the system, and set up strict rules isn't the solution.

Editor's Note: The Academic Awards, Admissions and Counseling Committee met Feb. 3 to readjudicate the Taddle Creek Awards. It should be noted that the original award winners will keep their awards.

Day of Action: an Innisite POV

Kate Ziemann

The Student Day of Action protest on January 28th was a typically Canadian affair: polite, riot-free, and cold as hell. Working on the assumption that any sort of action is better than sitting around complaining, I dragged my lazy ass out to join about 3,000 other students, parents and free-floating activists that always seem to end up at these sorts of events. The U of T group started at Hart House (where I was issued a mighty stylin' sign on a stick), then proceeded to Queen's Park, down University, eventually joining the York and Ryerson contingents on the corner of Queen and Bay. To the muffled sound of the Prodigy's "Firestarter" and various megaphone-muffled chants, we marched (or shuffled, in my case) down to the Heart of Evil, aka the intersection of King and Bay streets, where five billion in profits were made last year alone.

From 2pm until about 3:30pm, we were addressed by various speakers, among them Joan Grant-Cummings from the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, Brad Levine from Canadian Federation of Students, and Wayne Samuelson, the recently-elected Ontario Federation of Labour president. The messages were all basically the same: bring down the banks, establish a national grant system, abolish tuition fees altogether. Collins summed it up nicely, saying "what you are asking for is not a charity, it is a right". Although Mike Harris wasn't as direct a target here as he was during the Bill 160 protests, any mention of his name brought forth a wave of enthusiastic hatred from the group... "fuck Mike Harris" was the longest and most fervent cheer, no doubt bringing a joyous tear to the eye of many a socialist newspaper vendor. Heartwarming, it was.

It's hard to tell how successful the whole thing was. We got a lot of media coverage (most of it given to the sixty or so people who camped out in the lobby of the CIBC building), and a declaration of support from Chretien, but until I see tangible results, like the tuition freeze achieved in Quebec as a result of protests there last year, I remain unconvinced that much will change. On the other hand, it was great to see so many "average" people out there. Maybe this won't be remembered so much for what it accomplished as for what it started: a return to student activism that hasn't been felt around here for a while.

And I got to keep my sign.

Rez Corner

Tatiana Dachuck

After the stressful month of December, and a whole month of January blahs, February finally brings back a month of fun, festivities and frolicking. This month is full of activities and most importantly, a vacation! At the beginning of this month the IRC helps the ICSS put on the formal, and if the steady succession of great formals holds true, this year's should be the best one yet. The week after from Reading Week the IRC has planned a bus trip to a popular downtown club (possibly the Joker)! February also marks the beginning of Innis's leap into the wonderful world of worms as several suites have shown interest in vermiculture. For those of you who don't know what that is, worms are placed in a box with bedding (e.g. earth, paper, etc.) and food scraps are placed on the surface. The worms eat the scraps and magically transform it into a rich fertilizer. (It's not too late — for those of you still interested, come see me in 601). February is our second fundraising project. This time First House and North House will raise money for Eastern Ontario and Quebec Disaster Relief. Hopefully, support for this charity will match and even surpass that which we raised for the Boys and Girls Club of Toronto. I urge you to get involved in whatever way you can, whether it be in supporting efforts, participating in events or just offering ideas. If anyone has any ideas or concerns with anything mentioned here or anything else, please don't hesitate to voice them at our next IRC meeting February 11, 1998 at 10:00 pm in the Event Room.

CINSSU, in conjunction with SAC, presents Free Friday Films every Friday at 7 pm, Innis College Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue.

February 6 — The Decline of the American Empire
Denys Arcand, 1986
February 13 — Kissed
Lynne Stopkewich, 1996
February 27 — When We Were Kings
Leon Gast, 1996

March 6 — Fire
Deepa Mehta, 1996
March 13 — Carte Blanche
A notable local industry figure presents a film of his or her choice.
March 20 — Hamlet
Kenneth Branagh, 1996
March 27 — The Sweet Hereafter
Atom Egoyan, 1997
April 3 — Lost Highway
David Lynch, 1996

Free Friday Films Continue



Innis' Own Cam Tolton Wins Teaching Award



Innis' Professor of French and Cinema Studies and Director of the Cinema Studies Programme, **Cam Tolton**, has been given an Outstanding Teaching Award in Humanities from the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. Professor Tolton, a very familiar face around Innis College was nominated by his students of INI 212Y (Film History) last year. Upon hearing the news from his wife, Prof. Tolton said he was overwhelmed, shocked and delighted. There will be a ceremony honouring the recipients of the awards later in the year.

Library Renovation Update

During the past few months, "too long a time", according to librarian Leonard Ferstman, the Innis Library has been undergoing extensive renovations. Although he makes no promises, Leonard hopes that the renovation will be completed during Reading Week. The Innis Library currently houses twelve computers which are accessible only to students who live in Innis Residence, or are enrolled at Innis College or in any INI course. After renovations are completed, the library will boast twenty computers, twelve of which may be used by all U of T students, and eight of which will be reserved for the exclusive use of Innis students. Laser printing facilities are also available. In addition, the staircase and the upper and lower mezzanines in the library will now be newly carpeted, thereby eliminating the noisy clang of the metal plates which once disturbed those studying in the library. The library has also acquired new cables and chairs.

The holdings in the Innis Library cater largely toward the Innis programs. The Cinema Studies collection in the Innis Library is second in size only to the catalogue at Robarts. The library also contains an impressive Environmental Studies collection, as well as a smaller Urban Studies holdings. The study atmosphere at the Innis Library is relaxed and quiet; you can settle down to work in private carrels, comfortable chairs, or even put your feet up on well-loved couches. And there is always a friendly staff person on duty to help you locate what you need.

So, the next time you are tempted to dash off to Robarts to see if a book is in, avoid the long line-ups and hassles, come up to the Innis Library and take advantage of those brand new computers!

MUSIC NEWS

Rumors, Gossip and Other Lies

Milena Placentile



• It's Grammy time again! And, who better to host the February 25th event than Kelsey Grammer? Notice the pun. Well, nominations were handed out some time ago, but I have still been unable to get over the fact that the Spice Girls aren't up for anything. I just don't understand it. Here's something cool... Ani DiFranco's "Shy" made her a

nominee for Female Rock Performance of the Year. The only thing that doesn't make sense about this is that the song is from back in the summer of '95. Better late than never. Finally, **Fiona Apple** has already announced her conviction that her nominations were given only as a response to her MTV Music Awards speech last year where she expressed displeasure with the whole "Bull Shit" of awards etcetera etcetera.

• Sesame Street is teaming up with modern music-makers like **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** and **Shawn Colvin** for Elmoopalooza!, in celebration of the company for kids' 30th anniversary. During the show the musicians will team up with characters from the show to make videos for classic Sesame Street tunes. The show has been slated for February 20th on ABC.

• **Aerosmith** will be the featured band in *Be Cool* the sequel to Elmore Leonard's novel *Get Shorty*. Leonard is currently a popularity symbol due to the success of *Jackie Brown* which is Quentin Tarantino's adaptation of his other novel *Rum Punch*.

• The **Spice Girls'** media mechanism of meeting with celebrity figures such as Nelson Mandela and Prince Charles seems to have come to a halt with Australian President John Howard who has declined requests to visit with him. Ooooooh! Snubbed!

• Forever the media-rebels, **Pearl Jam** members are not working on an MTV-targeted music video for "Given to Fly," the first single from their new album, *Yield* (Feb. 3). Pearl Jam find the process of making music videos extremely unpleasant and so they decided to just forget about the whole thing.

• Bob Masse, the artist who designed the official "Dew Drop Inn" poster for **Tori Amos'** last tour is currently working on a brand new poster. The new poster is going to be signed and numbered by Bob Masse, and will never be sold in any stores or galleries. This is for the fans only. Also, \$1 from each poster will go to RAINN, the rape and abuse charity that Tori Amos supports. For more info visit <http://members.aol.com/visgallery/tori.html>.

• Damn it! I thought they were gone! But no, Columbia Records recently announced that they will release one last **Presidents of the USA** album. Now we can all look forward to covers, live-tracks, and b-sides.

• And where would this issue of the Herald be without **Cure-News?** Believe it or not, on February 18, dear Bob is scheduled to make a guest appearance on the series *South Park*. Who would have thought it? He recorded his dialogue while touring the U.S. west coast, and rumor has it he kills Kenny!

THE PRESIDENTS



Innis' Theme Song for 1997-1998

"Why does everything, everything for you have to be so political?"

- Spirit of the West, "Political", 1991

Keep Yer Eyes Peeled!

Its going to be a month of breaking free! More than a few band members have taken breaks from their group commitments to produce their own solo works, or to work on the albums of other musicians. Furthermore, lots of re-issues are showing up just in case you didn't catch them the first time around by say, reasons of a late birth. Looks like the months ahead are making up for a slow and lazy January.

February 3

Cubanate, *Interference*
LaTanya, *What You Own*
Various Artists, *Black History in Music*

February 10

DJ Spooky, *Synthetic Fary EP*
James Tha, *Let It Come Down*
Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, *Self Titled*
The Inbreds, *Winning Hearts*
John Lee Hooker, *The Complete Chess Masters (Rarities)*
Various Artists, *Wing Commander: The Prophecy* (Your favorite video game tunes available on your discman. KMFOM, Fear Factory, Brooklyn Bounce and other industrial techno artists)

February 17

Ani DiFranco, *Little Plastic Castles*
G.P.-Wu, *Don't Go Against the Grain*
Marcus Miller, *Marcus Miller Live*

February 24

B.B. King, *The Very Best of B.B. King*
Jerry Cantrell, *Baggy Depot*
Richie Sambora, *Undiscovered Soul*
Rufus Blaq, *Blag As Day*
Soundtrack, *Welcome to Waop Waop* (Featuring Chumbawamba, Poe, Cake, Real Big Fish, Eels, and Boy George - Didn't see that coming!!)
Van Halen, *III*
Various Artists, *Celtic Heartbeat Collection (Vol. 2)*

March 1

Cocao Bravaz (Smit N Wessun), *The Rude Awakening*

March 3

Eric Reed, *Pure Imagination*
McCooy Tyner, *Reaching Forth* (Remastered edition)
John Coltrane, *Live at the Village Vanguard*
The Andrew Sisters, *Master Takes* (60th Anniversary Collection)

March 10

Killah Priest, *Heavy Mental*
Izzy Stradlin, *T.B.A.*
The Who, *Dads and Sods* (Remastered with bonus tracks)
Cher & Sonny & Cher, *Greatest Hits* (Remastered just in time for the funeral)

March 17

John Coltrane, *Living Space* (Rare from the Man)

March 24

Jimi Hendrix, *T.B.A.*
Sonic Youth, *T.B.A.*
Curve, *Came Clean*

May

Tori Amos, *T.B.A.*

Holly McNarland at the Hangar

W. N. O'Higgins

The Hangar is almost a great campus pub. The location is fantastic, they've got \$1.25 pool tables, cheap beer, a bevy of video machines, hockey, music videos and other eye candy on the televisions and pretty good music playing over the PA. The problem, ultimately, is that the Hangar is a multipurpose room that doesn't do any job very well. There are not enough windows for a food court, but way too many for a pub, and the length of the room means that they always screen off part of it to try to fake intimacy. Still, not all bad, and the new Wednesday Retro Night shows promise of being a good event, despite the room itself.

With all this as background, I expected the show by **Holly McNarland** and the **Matthew Good Band** to have some faults. What I did not expect was that these bands would be bad. I've heard music in the Hangar before, and I know it has a nasty echo and a clang that no amount of engineering with tools more subtle than dynamite can correct. It is a Hangar, after all. I expected it to be cold too, and I was not disappointed. When the **Matthew Good Band** hit the stage, they immediately started complaining. This is not ingratiating stage patter. At one point the lead singer (shouter?), after having to change guitars twice in quick succession, called the stage a "doorway to hell". Some of the crowd recognized a few of their songs, and they danced and jumped around a bit, but even their luke-warm reception at the front of the room (people cooled off fast as they got further from the stage) could not rescue this band. This was performance, but not entertainment.

After a 35-minute intermission (it's a good thing there were pool tables and video games) **Holly McNarland** came on. I'd read a bunch of reviews of her music and several interviews, and I'd come to the tentative opinion that she was an idiot, but I had never heard her music (except for the one, short-lived single, "Numb") and I approached her show with a nearly open mind. MCA is a pretty good label, and they have some passable scouts, so I was hoping they'd found a winner here. Sadly, I was disappointed. Holly's voice, which had been touted as something special in the press, wasn't. Even given the acoustics, her voice seems to have only two modes: a quiet one that could qualify as "nice", and a loud one that seems to have trouble with tuning. If you want to hear a band with a great singer, check out the local band, **Lilith**. Now, there's a voice-with a range from **Marianne Faithfull** sweetness to late-Joplin aggression.



Holly also seemed to lack any sort of stage presence. Her comments ranged from a flat delivery of the obligatory "How's everybody to-night?" to complaints about the room. This is the performer that people came to see, and they seemed to have trouble enjoying it. People kept playing pool, and several, myself included, headed for the coat check. It doesn't help that she

seems to have only two tools at her song-writing disposal: anger at inadequate men (justified, I'm sure) and coarse language.

It is possible to see good live music at the Hangar. Someone with a bit of talent and energy can transcend the room and play a great set. **Lindy** did it last year, and I'm sure there have been others more recently. It is also a great chance to see a band with just a few hundred people at a distance of less than ten feet. However, the Hangar is not a good place to see a half-assed band without the talent to really shine. Sadly, the **Matthew Good Band** and **Holly McNarland** fall into that vast middle ground of mediocrity, and the Hangar swallows them up with only a substantial echo.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Bobby Brown, *Forever* (Universal)

B.D.C.



In the last couple years, Bobby has been keeping active with his new family, and has not really produced any new music... until now. *Forever* is Bobby Brown's first solo album in over five years. However, quite a few things have changed since then. This time around, his traditionally upbeat style of music has been combined with a number of sultry and affection-

ate ballads producing some very tender love songs.

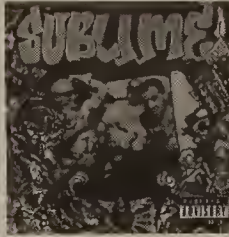
His deep and intricate lyrics reflect his own life and the intimate relationship he has with his family. The album starts out with Whitney Houston, his wife, singing "Nobody Does It Better" which is a loving tribute to her husband. From there, Bobby picks up the tempo and sings "It's Still My Thing" a song which also features his sister, rapper Carole Brown. This song is a follow-up to his 1988 hit "My Prerogative".

This album possesses a funky beat blended together with lyrics displaying his unconditional love for his family. However, it often seemed that some of the songs ran together and none of the tracks established distinct and original content. After a while, all of the songs merged together to a disappointing effect.

Only a few tracks seemed to stick out: "It's Still My Thing" and "Give it Up" offered an interesting blend of voices and beats. Many of the songs seemed too sweet and repetitive, and did not reflect the talent that we have come to expect from Bobby Brown's previous albums. The work Bobby did on the *Ghostbusters II* soundtrack with the song "On Our Own" was far more enjoyable.

Still this album has relatively good music that is easy to listen to, making it an effort that many people will enjoy. However, I caution any old fans who want to purchase this album that his style has changed and *Forever* is nothing like his old albums.

Sublime, *Second-Hand Smoke* (Gasoline Alley/MCA/Universal)



Jing

The opening few minutes of *Second-hand smoke* sound promising... until the lyrics come in: "I want to hold her head under water..." The happy, upbeat, faintly ska or reggae flavoured music continues.

The entire CD consists of a jambalaya of all sorts of music, with sampling from tunes like Gershwin's *Summertime*, telephone conversations, and police scanners. There are even some hip hop influences on track 18, a remix of "doin' time" by Eerie Splendor. Gwen Stefani is featured on track 12, "saw red". The music sounds in one moment like it wants to make it onto a Tarantino soundtrack, the next like it belongs in "Swingers" or even on a snow/skateboard video. These guys from Long Beach, California were obviously influenced by bands such as the Chili Peppers and the Butthole Surfers.

Taken at face value, this music can't be taken seriously. As the previous quote may suggest, the lyrics themselves are not particularly intelligent. Note the Parental Advisory label on the CD cover. It's made by a bunch of drunk guys that like to sing about whatever is most prominent in their thoughts: women ("chick on my tip"), drinking ("drunk drivin'"), or new studio equipment ("had a dat"). This 19 track CD of over an hour has a few bright moments but is neither cohesive as an album, nor are many of the songs cohesive in themselves. Overall, this CD is OK. I have to admit that I liked it a little bit more each time I listened to it. However that's not saying too much considering my first impression. Proceed at your own risk.

Our Lady Peace

January 17, 1998
Maple Leaf Gardens

Kim DeCastris



Canada's newest big band played a sold out show at the Gardens' last month. To go along with the carnival theme of their last album, *Clumsy*, the stadium began filling to a 22 minute episode of *The Twilight Zone*, "The Dummy", appropriately a story about an evil ventriloquist's dummy who takes over his "owner's" life. Starting off with their new single, "Automatic Flowers", the band played nearly an hour and a half of singable tunes, complete with visual aids. During "Naveed" "The guy with the crazy eyes" (the man on the cover of their debut album) was featured on a large screen behind the band, reading the poem by Marc Van Doren from which the band took their name.

The reaction to most of the songs, singles especially, was great. Lead singer Raine Maida is a born story teller. Before "Trapeze", a much coveted OLP B-side, he told a story about Russian trapeze artists, a married couple, with a slight relationship problem. "...and his mind started to race, two days ago, two weeks, two months, and he realized My wife is ****ing the human cannonball!" It's interesting how other people's misfortunes can bring such a loud round of applause. Maybe it's just the accompaniment of the f-word that sets people off.

Right up until their two song encore, most people were on their feet, singing along. Highlights included Raine's stage diving, and then stumbling back to the stage, and his singing to bassist Duncan Coutts before pummeling him viciously.

The band played strongly, although at times it was hard to hear due to the fact that Raine had almost the entire Gardens' as back-up vocalists. Finally he gave up on doing it himself, and got the crowd to join in during "Starseed". The guys themselves were energetic, although for the first few songs you could almost feel the tension.

Marilyn Manson, *Remix and Repent* (Nothing)



Milena Placentile

I hate Marilyn Manson. Was that too blunt? Does that make you think I'm going to automatically trash his most recent disc, *Remix and Repent*? Hhmm. Read on.

Lets start at track one... What's this? Jazz? Swingin' Seventies Horns? 15 seconds later it introduces the Manson groan we've

all come to recognize. Okay - now I know what's going on. "The Horrible People" starts off the five track set and, to be honest, on a good note. So far, not much has changed - it's the same song as "The Beautiful People" but with a little more motivation for dancing. The time between 1 minute 50 seconds until 2 minutes 3 seconds is very cool again. To conclude, a Loony Toons sample? What just happened there?

The "Tourniquet Prosthetic Dance Mix" is an odd excuse for a sultry dance number, that's for sure. Not much has changed here except for the half timing; nothin' big here.

"Dried Up, Tied Up and Dead to the World" ("Live in Utica, NY") If this song were initially on another one of his discs, I'm sorry I don't know about it and I can't compare it. The chords are too predictable, the melody is an angst ridden monotony. The chorus is, well, cheesy.

Oooooooooooh scary - Addams family on acid instrumentation into a mock Facist rally's chanted shouts. It's "Antichrist Superstar" ("Live in Hartford, CT"). There isn't much to comment on it. I would comment on the lyrics, but I can't hear them (except for the occasional "Yeah, yeah!" and "La Luna mother fuckers"). I wonder how many Halls drops this guy goes through in the average day. Now for the grand finale, "Man that you Fear" (Acoustic Requiem for Antichrist Superstar). An unknown televangelist opens the track with Manson on an ol' fashioned guitar to follow. There is the odd feeling of autobiography to this track and you almost feel sorry for him and then you realize the whole point of his theatrics - to screw with your head. Ah, forget it.

But then the song just ends. What happened there? Did they run out of recording memory? Did he die? This is not exactly going out with a bang and it makes you wonder (in a good way) about him, his whole shock rock value system, and the point of the CD. Overall, *Remix and Repent* is a solid effort, but we've got to wonder why. I don't know who Danny Saber or Sean Beavan are, but I think that as the remixers they have something to do with it. This 23 minutes is a disc for die hard fans and DJs. Then again, I'm keeping my own copy - I don't know if I'll ever listen to it, but it's not lousy enough for me to give away.

This is the home town crowd, and what a crowd it was.

The set itself was nicely mixed, with songs from each album, a B-side, an alternate, slower piano version of "Julia" donated to the band by a "friend" (Note—this is NOT an "Ode to Chantal"), and an amazing cover of the Beatles' "Dear Prudence", which, as Raine informed the crowd, was written for Mia Farrow's sister.

Overall it was a very energetic, upbeat show. The band has been known to observe the lack of ballads in their repertoire, but many fans found various slow spots worthy of their lighters. The place was virtually lit up at times, and fans seemed more than pleased with the showmanship of OLP as a whole.

Upcoming OLP shows:

| | | | |
|-----|----|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Feb | 5 | Fort Williams Gardens | Thunder Bay, ON |
| | 7 | Sudbury Arena | Sudbury, ON |
| | 9 | Thomson Arena | London, ON |
| | 10 | Windsor Arena | Windsor, ON |
| | 11 | Molson Centre | Montreal, PQ |

And one in Syracuse, NY, March 1 for \$10 a pop.

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Jonatha Brooks, *10 Cent Wings* (Refuse)

Olivia Rallis

Don't be fooled by the name—Jonatha is not missing an "n" in her name.

Formerly of the musical group The Story, *10 Cent Wings* is Jonatha's second solo album, and on her own she makes a strong impression with melodic guitar-based music that is definitely catchy.

Upon first listen, I thought that her singing style and the instrumental arrangements were reminiscent of Jann Arden. Both songwriters share lyrics which express disillusionment in relationships. Though, unlike Arden, the majority of Jonatha's songs are mid-tempo with a bright mood. Though songs such as "Secrets and Lies" seem uplifting, the lyrics are often bitter: "Maybe if you're lucky you will have your sunny day/once a lifetime, maybe twice". The music has a pop/folksy sound, though on songs such as "Glass Half-Empty" and "Last Innocent Year" there is an edge to the music which displays a willingness to discover new ground. The song "Last Innocent Year" has a Spanish, flamenco style, which gives the album some spice. This sort of experimentation provides enough variety throughout the album to satisfy a listener and prevent possible boredom.

Overall, Jonatha Brooks' *10 Cent Wings* is a good album, so if you're looking for some new music, this is an ideal choice.



Interview with Duncan Coutts of Our Lady Peace

Kim DeCastris

Anybody who's been listening to the alternative and rock radio stations for the past year has heard them. They're everywhere, on MuchMusic's heavy rotation list, even headlining last summer's EdgeFest. After touring behind such bands as the Rolling Stones and Page and Plant, Canada's "Brightest New Hope" (for what, world domination?) are currently headlining their first cross-Canada stadium tour. After chatting with a couple Sony Music execs I managed to score a phone interview with Our Lady Peace's bassist, Duncan Coutts. The mandatory preliminaries, including a discussion on the weather in Toronto, Alberta and Winnipeg, having been dealt with, the interview commenced. He speaks fondly and openly about times both before and with Our Lady Peace, and seems to admire his fellow band mates.



Kim: A lot of your interviews are really vague, and...

Duncan: I know, but it's not really the important part. The important part is the music part, right? Kim: For me, when I listen to a band I like to know why they write the way they do, or about the history of the band...

Duncan: Well, that's cool. Yeah, I knew Raine from a couple years before I went to university. He went to university in Toronto, and got into a band with Mike Turner by answering a classified ad. They were playing around in this sort of band and they were writing and all that stuff, but they wanted to become more serious. In order to do that they wanted to find some different people to play with, and Raine had known me from before. So he asked me to come up from where I was going to school just to show them what a different bass player would be like. So I came up and jammed with them and we had a good time, and they said "Join the band." This was long before it was ever OLP and I said, "Well, you know, I'd love to, but I'm just back in school and I have my own band and I can't transfer credits from first year because I didn't do so well". I was a skid bum for a year basically, and I'd just gotten back into school. I was kind of happy about being back in school, so I said Thank you, but no thank you. Then they went on to get the guy who would be their first bass player, and they got Jeremy through an ad and became OLP. Then two and a half years ago they called me and said, "Hey, we're parting ways with bass player number one, would you like to come for an audition?"

Kim: And you said yes. Duncan: I dropped the phone and then I picked it up and said, "Okay, now don't screw with me, you're kidding right?" They said, "No, no, no, come for an audition." So that's the more in depth story. Kim: So, by that point they were a big band already? Fairly established? Duncan: Yeah, they were touring the last part of Naveed. You know, they'd sold over a hundred thousand records by that point.

Kim: I know that when I got into the band it wasn't really cool to like Our Lady Peace... Duncan: (laughs) Oh, really? ... Oh, I was a fan because I'd known the guys. They'd let me drop in on sessions while making Naveed, and I was there when Raine was getting the "Is gone, is gone, is gone" part recorded for the song "Naveed". I was sitting in the control room watching. I've been on the periphery in a weird way, just as a friend, you know?

Kim: When you played "Julia" in concert, a lot of

Chuck Mangione Quartet

Ed McLaughlin

Great news for jazz fans, the hep-cat in the top hat is back! Chuck Mangione brought his amazing band, to the Ford Centre for the Performing Arts, last weekend. A sold out house of appreciative fans were treated to some of his greatest hits, and we loved every minute of it. He is back on tour after a self imposed hiatus from the music business and judging by his playing, when I saw him on Friday, the rest has done him good.

Speaking to him on the phone from Florida, he told me that he was really looking forward to coming to Toronto because this city has been very special to him over the years. The first time he came here, way back in the early 70's, only 400 people showed up. The next time he appeared at Massey Hall it was sold out, and it's been that way ever since.

"A lot of people think I died around 1981 because the record company that sold millions of copies on vinyl never put the 'Children Of Sanchez' out on CD in the United States, and you know people begged for that record. The same company has released it in Germany as double CD. So that's been a little frustrating. There's a whole new generation of people that come out to hear us play and they say 'Wow I'd like to hear that', and they can't."

He started the first set with "The Ballad Of The One Eyed Sailor", a song he had recorded with the Hamilton Philharmonic back in 1973, that got the crowd bouncing around in our seats. Next was "Dizzy Miles" a bebop homage to legendary jazz trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. His Bass player, Charles Meeks, handled the vocals readily, showing great power and range.

A highlight, was a duet between Mangione and his brilliant guitarist Grant Gelsman, on a heartachingly beautiful version of "My Funny Valentine". Marisol Espada on cello, James Bradley Jr. on drums and Ray Martinez on percussion, round out the band.

I spoke to a fan after the show, who complained that it's been eight years since Mangione played in Toronto, and he hoped we wouldn't have to wait that long again. Me too. Like the title of his double platinum hit says, his music makes you "Feel So Good". Here's even more great news, three of his albums will be released as CD in North America this March. Welcome back Chuck, we've missed you.

people started screaming out "Chantal!" I mean, obviously you know Raine and Chantal Kreviazuk have been connected...

Duncan: Really?

Kim: ... In the media ... I don't know if it's true, and I'm not going to ask that, because it's not important, but...

Duncan: (laughing) No, you know what it is? That's not a thing from Chantal. There's a girl who about a year and a half ago, maybe? Two years ago? She sent us a tape, we got tapes from a lot of people. Her name is Sarah Slean. She's from just outside Toronto, and she's an aspiring singer/songwriter. Actually, surprisingly enough she sounds a lot like Sarah McLachlan. So she sends us this tape with six songs on it, five of which were her own...

Kim: And "Julia"?

Duncan: Yeah, the sixth song was this rendition of "Julia". Raine actually got the tape first, and he freaked us all out, because it sounds so much like Sarah McLachlan. He played the tape and he was like, Guys, hey look. Sarah McLachlan really likes our stuff. He kinda tricked us. So, anyway, it was from that that we decided to take it, decided to adopt it. There's been rumours that it's an ode to Chantal and stuff like that. Someone actually wrote that in a Winnipeg newspaper after we played it, and that's a load of crap.

Kim's interview with Duncan Coutts will be continued in the next issue of the Herald!

Karl Mohr Audio-Yo, The Heck

Milena Placentile

I used to work at a crappy retail clothing store, a store that some people thought was cool. As a result we often received demos from musicians who hoped we'd give them some air time. Anyway... we ended up with two copies of this particular disc and I decided to permanently borrow one. My point? No money was spent by this reviewer to obtain this disc, and it's a good thing too.

Here is the situation: Mr. Mohr doesn't know whether he's Reznor or Sheppard and his split personality disorder is traumatizing to the ear! In many cases "fusion" is good, but only if there is some talent to bridge the gap.

I feel horrible to be so rough on the poor guy, but with lyrics like "So pick up your underwear, it's time to get dressed. We're going horseback riding in the midnight sun. If I squeezed out my eyes and fell blind in your thighs, would you mind?" how can I avoid it?

Take track four, "Skyscraper". Sure, a wee bit of cheese Eurotrash chords but otherwise a solid effort of samples and effects... until he starts singing! NOOOOO! Make it stop! How easy to remix this album and make it successful... Track 3, "France", is similar. The first nanosecond is cool but then it's all shot to hell as soon as he opens his mouth.

It's unfair to take only the first impressions, but when you get right down to it, that's all that counts. Honestly, I couldn't even get past the first 22 seconds of track five. Track six is Underworld gone wrong.

Track eight, "Over the Etherscape", is this album's only saving grace and as a single I'm sure it could do well. Despite all the other crud, this track (and a jazzy number ten) stands out as accomplished. If I'd been rushing wild while reviewing this disc I'm certain that I would have discovered more redeeming qualities; but I wasn't. In all honesty, I'm glad I didn't spend any money on this one. But, being kinder for a moment, this disc has potential. It could go places in a pop-techno market but not until Karl silences himself and lets the synths do the talking.

If you don't believe me and want to find out for yourself: Joe Radio: P.O. Box 19B Station B, Toronto Ontario, M5T 2W1. 1-800-563-7234



SEX AND HOW TO GET IT - WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT (Space Permitting, The Future of Music)

Ralph the Wonder Llama

Do I know how to write a headline or what? (Sorry to all of you out there who read this just because of the title, but I really need to keep this writing job, and the music editor is a real bitch about making sure your story has a good hook). If you want to learn the best kept secrets about sex, then read our new sister paper called the Innis After Hours Under Satin - this week features kitchen utensils. Enough of this, on to music.



So what is the future of music? Some say it is a bunch of guys dressed in animal hides sitting around a bonfire banging plates on their heads, while other say it is a bunch of politically correct guys dressed in all natural cotton fibres sitting around a solar-powered heater in complete silence because noise pollution is bad. And so is fire, and style for that matter. I mean, who the hell could wear nothing but cotton? What about swish synthetics and other shiny stuff? But then if you are lame enough to be into that kind of stuff looking suave on the runway probably isn't one of your major concerns, but I digress.

I'll tell you what the future of music is. It is the present. No, that's not some 'deep and intellectual' philosophical statement intended to sound smarter than it really is as you could expect from some mom's sister who's really a man, or the Bi-Way Flyer Super-pak.

I mean that in the most literal sense, tomorrow we will be listening to what we are listening to today. Yeah sure, it may be packaged slightly differently. Instead of the Spice Girls or the 'up my Backstreet, Boys' it will be the Condiment Ladies and the 'Ooh sailor, I never knew a parrot could fit there, Lads'.

Whatever the group is, the music is still the same. [Note for me: Add in more Spice bashing material here] But don't get me wrong, I like the Spice Girls. Their music videos are especially great once you hit mute. Except they should be running around more in the videos. You know, like they do on Baywatch. Now that is a great program. No no no, the models in skimpy swimsuits bouncing around the beach, pardon me, running around the beach is NOT why I watch the show. I watch it for the deep and complex story-lines.

I am always surprised when a) A sea monster attacks b) Pirates attack c) Someone swims under the pier and gets into trouble. And I love how each episode has a unique and surprising ending like a) Mitch beats up the terrorists b) Mitch consoles Cj with his love and wisdom, and then finds some terrorists to beat up c) Baywatch runs out of women's bathing suits, so Mitch beats up some terrorists while Cj has to run around in a man's bathing suit - man would I love to be a drowning victim that day. David Hasselhoff rules.

Just when you thought nothing could top his Knight Rider role, he blasts back on the scene as a geriatric lifeguard among some of the nicest breasts in Hollywood. What was I talking about? Oh yeah, music. Whatever. Just shut up and listen to the Baywatch theme - how sweet it is.



the Innis Herald SEX PAGE

the valentine's day sex page

Feverish Flicks: Your Top Ten Video Guide to a Sexy Valentine's Day

Diane Sidik

What is the ultimate test of true love? Some may say that it is in death, and from these examples, love and tragedy are inextricably linked: When Romeo discovers his fair Juliet in a stone cold slumber, he takes his own life; Sid Vicious stabs Nancy to near death while in a state of morbid devotion; Bonnie and Clyde dance to their demise in a rain of bullets. Slowly but steadily the phrase "Together forever, 'til death do us part" rings with deafening clarity.

10. Natural Born Killers
9. Betty Blue
8. Bound (sexy, sexy, sexy!)
7. Kissed
6. True Romance
5. Heavenly Creatures
4. Bonnie & Clyde
3. The Hunger
2. Sid & Nancy
1. Romeo + Juliet

Run to your neighborhood video store and enjoy!

Sexy Susie

For the benefit of your Valentine's adventures, we at the *Herald* contemplated providing you with a comprehensive review of the top ten most popular condoms. But really, if people are thinking about the analyzing and grading of a condom, then they just aren't having a good time! Despite this, we still realized that we wanted to provide you with some useful information about selecting condoms.

I went to Lovcraft (Located at 63 Yorkville Ave.) to do a little bit of research. I was curious; which brand of condom is the most popular? A very helpful and knowledgeable staff member informed me that since everyone is different and has different preferences, they select their favourite, but until they do it all depends on which ad campaign is most popular at the moment.

Today, Durex is the leader in marketing. They manufacture not only Shiek and Ramses but also Titan (you know the ones with the cheesy boxes depicting couples cuddling through an angelic haze?). So, despite which packaging catches your eye first, they're all of the same high quality. And, if you're concerned about texture... their thins are all equal; their ribbed are all equal.

The favourite of the Lovcraft staff however, is Lifestyles Ultra Sensitive. Though it is very thin, none of them have ever experienced a breakage. And the bonus? No icky rubber odour. A second favourite, also a Lifestyles brand, is the studded texture condoms. For those who have never noticed the ribs on other condoms the way they wanted to - the staff suggests you try these.

"Flavoured condoms are designed specifically for oral sex...and are hence considered unsafe for purposes of intercourse."

The helpful and knowledgeable staff member discussed the Ki-mono brand condom which is made in Japan (hence the higher cost due to importing). Most people don't know this, but this brand actually has a smaller fit than the average North American condom. On the other hand, Contempo brands are made slightly larger but since there is no indication of this on the packaging, no one really knows.

Another often voiced concern surrounds Lambskin condoms. What's the difference? These products are excellent for those with allergies to latex. However, they are not only more expensive but they are also not nearly as effective as their latex cousins in the prevention of STDs.

Flavoured condoms are designed specifically for oral sex. Most

of them are considered novelty items and are hence considered unsafe for purposes of intercourse. The biggest reason for this is that for the sake of the flavouring there is a lot of sugar which could lead to the breakdown of the condom. Furthermore, in the case of vaginal intercourse, it could cause discomfort. If you're curious though, in terms of coloured and flavoured condoms, the brand Trustex has been approved as safe for intercourse.

Weird Local USA Sex Laws

- * No man is allowed to make love to his wife with the smell of garlic, onions, or sardines on his breath in Alexandria, Minnesota. If his wife so requests, law mandates that he must brush his teeth.

- * Warn your hubby that after lovemaking in Ames, Iowa, he isn't allowed to take more than three gulps of beer while lying in bed with you or holding you in his arms.

- * Bozeman, Montana, has a law that bans all sexual activity between members of the opposite sex in the front yard of a home after sundown-if they're nude. (Apparently, if you wear socks, you're safe from the law!)

- * Clinton, OK has a law against masturbating while watching two people having sex in a car.

- * It's safe to make love while parked in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Police officers aren't allowed to walk up and knock on the window. Any suspicious officer who thinks that sex is taking place must drive up from behind, honk his horn three times and wait approximately two minutes before getting out of his car to investigate.

- * In Cornersville, Wisconsin no man shall shoot off a gun while his female partner is having a sexual orgasm.

- * A law in Fairbanks, Alaska does not allow moose to have sex on city streets.

- * In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania it is illegal to have sex with a truck driver inside a toll booth.

- * The owner of every hotel in Hastings, Nebraska, is required to provide each guest with a clean and pressed nightshirt. No couple, even if they are married, may sleep together in the nude. Nor may they have sex unless they are wearing one of these clean, white cotton nightshirts.

- * Another law in Helena, Montana, mandates that a woman can't dance on a table in a saloon or bar

unless she has on at least three pounds, two ounces of clothing.

- * An excerpt from brilliant Kentucky state legislation: "No female shall appear in a bathing suit on any highway within this state unless she be escorted by at least two officers or unless she be armed with a club".

- * The following important amendment, however, is to be considered here: "The provisions of this statute shall not apply to females weighing less than 90 pounds nor exceeding 200 pounds, nor shall it apply to male horses."

- * In Kingsville, Texas there is a law against two pigs having sex on the city's airport property.

- * In Merryville, Missouri, women are prohibited from wearing corsets because: "The privilege of admiring the curvaceous, unencumbered body of a young woman should not be denied to the normal, red-blooded American male."

- * An ordinance in Newcastle, Wyoming, specifically bans couples from having sex while standing inside a store's walk-in meat freezer.

- * In Oblong, Illinois, it's punishable by law to make love while hunting or fishing on your wedding day.

- * Utah state legislation outlaws all sex with anyone but your spouse. Next to that adultery, oral and anal sex, and masturbation are considered sodomy and can lead to imprisonment. Sex with an animal - unless performed for profit - however is NOT considered sodomy. Polygamy - provided only the missionary position has been applied - is only a misdemeanor.

- * The only acceptable sexual position in Washington D.C. is the missionary-style position. Any other sexual position is considered illegal.

- * In the state of Washington there is a law against having sex with a virgin under any circumstances. (Including the wedding night).

If you are unsure whether or not the condom you're planning to use is approved by Health Canada, take a look at the packaging. If you can find an expiration date and a printed lot number, then you have your proof that it's safe to use. Some people wonder about expiration dates — my MAC lipstick even has one for crying out loud!! Is it really necessary to follow them on condoms? YES! Of course,

if it's a couple days older you don't need to worry but it is important to realize that since latex is a natural material it is susceptible to decomposition.

What else? Lubrication!! Most condoms are lubricated, unless otherwise stated, with a water-based product. Some condoms come with a spermicide lubricant which is your basic monoxonol nine. If you find that the condom just doesn't have what you need - do not reach for the nearest bottle of vaseline, massage oil or whipped cream. Anything that is oil based will wear down the condom, making it ineffective. According to the Center for Disease Control in the United States, within as little as 60 seconds of exposure, a 90% decrease in condom strength will occur. Don't believe it? Blow up a condom, place a dab of oil or lotion on it, and watch it pop!

So - go to your local sex shop or drugstore and pick up a product that is designed to make things more comfy. Astroglide is the brand that sells most quickly - people like its thin consistency which is compatible to natural fluids. However, the helpful and knowledgeable Lovcraft staff member was sure to advise me that, just like condoms, it all depends on the person and their needs.

And here are a few more facts that you ought to know. Store your condoms in an area that will help shield them from heat because hot temperatures, humidity, and even ultraviolet light can contribute to deterioration. A common mistake is to leave a condom in a wallet, or in a glove compartment, or maybe even in a nightstand at home that may sit by a window. Also, Do not use a condom that has already been unrolled because this weakens the latex and hence increases the chance of the condom breaking during intercourse.

Looking for further information? Try the University of Toronto's Sexual Education Centre by calling 426-591-7949 or the Aids Sexual Health Info Line: 1-800-668-2437. Have access to the net? Visit <http://www.condomania.com> and Condom Sense at <http://www.csense.com/>



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The Service is operated during the academic year with the following hours of operation:
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The Upper Canada Brewing Company, b. 1985; d. 1998



Cass Enright

This is to commemorate the Upper Canada Brewing Co., Toronto's first microbrewery and one of the first brewers to introduce interesting styles of beer to Torontonians that

were unbrewed by Labatt and Molson. Upper Canada has undergone some troubles in recent years, culminating with an offer to purchase the company by Sleeman Breweries of Guelph. Upper Canada will be remembered as a brewery that gave great tours, plenty of free samples, provided kegs to the public, and did its best to convince Torontonians to experiment with beers outside of the uninteresting mass-brewed styles they grew up with. The Upper Canada Brewing Co. (UCBC) began brewing in Toronto in 1985. As Toronto's first micro, UCBC set out to provide Ontario with ales and lagers brewed according to the Bavarian Purity Act of 1516. Whereas this code guarantees the ingredients of beer to conform to strict non-mass-market standards, it has prevented UCBC from experimenting with other ingredients in their beers. The code is to prevent the use of adjuncts, popularized by the large brewers, but at the cost of such potentially beneficial ingredients as fruit or spices. However, the UCBC has been very popular in Toronto, providing the city with quality ales and lagers and excellent tours to aid in beer education.

The brewery has undergone a number of changes in its history. UCBC began priding itself on its individuality, absorbing the costs of having non-twist off bottles to offer consumers the best bottled freshness, something a twist off bottle cannot match. UCBC un-



velled their Lager and Dark Ale in August of 1985, followed by their seasonal delight True Bock and Light Lager in 1986. 1987 saw the release of Rebellion, commemorating the 1837 rebellion of Upper Canada. In 1989 their Wheat debuted, and Publican's Special Bitter followed in 1990. The new brews continued, with Colonial Stout in '91 and Natural Point Nine Lager in '92. The Pale Ale was unveiled in 1993, Brewster's Scottish Ale in 1994, Drayman's

Tawny Porter and the seasonal Oktoberfest and Winter Brew in 1995. However, it was with the release of the new Rebellion beers UCBC began to shift away from its original focus.

In April 1996 UCBC unveiled a Rebellion Ale to complement the original Rebellion (which was a lager, renamed Rebellion Lager). New packaging was introduced, but the original Rebellion was gone, a very unique lager which was retooled poorly into the new Rebellion Lager. UCBC debuted two new and rather weak offerings, Woody's Wild Ale and Summer Brew. UCBC also went public. In a move seemingly to satisfy shareholders, UCBC moved to the industry standard bottle, the same used by the big brewers. Quite ironic - once this brewery was so proud of its custom bottle, bucking the system in favour of principles. Yet in March of 1997 the old bottles were discarded forever and costs were cut.

UCBC has been performing beneath expectations since its initial public stock offering, absorbing a net loss of \$0.54 per share for fiscal 1996. This has forced UCBC to refocus its core line of beers, cancelling some of their most unique and flavourful. The Scottish Ale and Tawny Porter were ceased, as was the Summer Brew. The Pale Ale was cancelled, along with personal favourites Publican's Special Bitter and Colonial Stout. Their product line is currently Lager, Dark Ale, Light Lager, Rebellion (both), Point 9, Woody's Wild Ale, Winter Brew, Wheat and True Bock. As profit was a problem for Upper Canada in recent years, beer lovers were beginning to doubt if any brewing innovation could be expected.

Upper Canada was recently doing a number of things to further educate the public about the merits of good beer. It had been

brewing innovation. UCBC boasts probably the best beer newsletter in Canada. The Upper Canada Loyalist features articles, recipes, contests and other interesting things for UC fans. Upper Canada continues to support the local Toronto arts scene when possible, housing a gallery for local artists and frequently hosting fundraisers in the brewery itself. The brewery is a beautiful old Toronto warehouse, nestled at the end of Atlantic Ave., just north of the train tracks, near revitalized King St. West. UCBC offers great tours, with free samples of their taps and various barley snacks. I have on numerous occasions tripped to the brewery with my friends for some fine brew and hospitality. UCBC is hosting a "Beer Lovers Tour" of Europe in summer of 1998, a 16-day trek through the world's most famous beer regions. And UCBC will gladly send out a set of labels to any collector who writes asking for them. For information on any of this, give them a ring at 1-800-263-6160.

Fans of Upper Canada were crushed on January 12, 1998, when Sleeman Breweries announced an offer to purchase all outstanding shares of UCBC for \$2.75 cash and 0.433 of a common share of Sleeman for each share of UCBC. This takeover is a friendly one, as president of UCBC Terry Smith has already tabled his shares for purchase. Sleeman plans to move the brewing of Upper Canada beers to its Guelph plant, inferring a closure of Upper Canada's wonderful Toronto brewery. Sleeman says they will continue to brew UCBC products, but it is probable their lineup will be further cut. This announcement shocked and saddened beer lovers in Toronto, as we will lose a local brewery that possessed a strong relationship with this city. The harsh reality of consolidation is setting in the microbrewery industry, as many smaller breweries are closing or merging and fewer new ones are being opened. All Toronto beer lovers can hope for is that Sleeman is gracious enough to sell the old UCBC brewery to a local entrepreneur who could give life to a new Toronto micro.



Cass Enright

The Beers of Love '98

Every Valentine's Day for the past two years, I have written a "Beers of Love", describing the best Valentine's Day brews, perfect for sipping and sharing or guzzling during comforting consolation. This continues the tradition of the Beers of Love, and there are some fine new brews available at LCBOs in Toronto appropriate for the Valentine season.



Without question the most romantic beer style is Lambic. Originating in Belgium, lambics are wheat beers, the closest beer style which exudes wine and champagne qualities. The fermentation of lambics is wonderfully unique: through spontaneous fermentation, after the beer is initially brewed, the vat is exposed to the Senne Valley atmosphere and wild yeasts randomly swirl through the air, with a few lucky ones managing to find the vat and create a great beer. The LCBO has been

unexpectedly enthusiastic about importing more brands of this style to Toronto recently. One of the finest ones (soon to be) available is Mort Subite Cassis (3.7%, 375mL, \$3.50). The brewery name "Mort Subite" translates into "sudden death" and definitely may be appropriate for toasting longing lovers or lost loves. Many lambics are flavoured with fruit, giving them wine-like qualities, but lambics experiment more with exotic flavours. This brew is flavoured with blackcurrants, and is just wonderful. Rush out to the LCBO and pick some up.

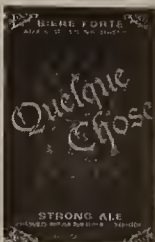
Three lambics are to be imported from the Liefmans brewery in Belgium soon: Goudenband, Kriek and Frambozen.



Their Goudenband (5.1%, 375mL, \$4.45) is a Belgian brown ale with a rich and fruity tartness, perfect for forgetting about the past. The other two beers, Kriek (7.1%, 375mL, \$4.90) and Frambozen (5.1%, 375mL, \$5.35), are typical fruit lambics. The Kriek is probably the most common fruit lambic, flavoured with cherries. The Liefmans Kriek is unusually strong, appropriate for motivation for Valentine's eve conquests. The Frambozen is also quite common, flavoured with raspberries. All are worth seeking out.

For a taste of romantic France without leaving our great city, try Trois Monts (9.1%, 750mL, \$4.55) from the St Sylvestre brewery in France. This is an example of the French style bière de garde, a very strong, bronze-coloured brew, best described as a fusion of Belgian strong ale and French wine traditions. A romantic Valentine's Day dinner need not be accompanied by an expensive bottle of French wine; save the money with a Trois Monts and experience this loving holiday in the region of French Flanders.

LCBOs have recently brought in what may be the definitive Beer of Love: Unibroue's most unique beer, Queque Chose (8%, 750mL, \$6.95) (you knew it was coming). Queque Chose is a beer based on a Belgian style, a kriek meant to be drunk hot. Instructions for heating accompany each foil-wrapped bottle. The label suggests a maximum drinking temperature of 70 degrees Celsius, minimum 30 degrees. The beer's name translates as "Something" and this is an appropriate identifier. Queque Chose is a wonderful beer, perfect for Canadian winters. Its deep red colour and raisinish aroma are tempting; its sour flavour and warming aftertaste are irresistible. Queque Chose could be thought of a "Neo-Citran for adults," as I could not imagine feeling bad after savouring a bottle of this. Seek this out and enjoy it with someone special.



Canadian Brew News

• **No head, please, we're English:** A Private Members Bill in the British Parliament has passed a second reading in their House of Commons, forbidding the sale of "short pints" to pub consumers who wish a full glass of beer. It will soon be illegal for bars to serve a "pint" of beer if it is not a pint of liquid. Violators giving too much head could be prosecuted. This is a bill Mike Harris should look at for Toronto.

• **Peculiar happenings at the LCBO:** The Granite Brewery, North Toronto's popular brewpub at Mount Pleasant & Eglinton, has arranged for the Hart Brewery of Ottawa to brew and bottle their house beer Peculiar for sale in LCBO stores. The Granite is following the trend of brewpub C'est What? whose Coffee Porter is brewed by Trafalgar of Oakville for the LCBO. Look for the 650mL bottles in April.

• **LCBO Recall:** The LCBO has recalled the 500mL bottles of Nova Czech beer and suspended sales after glass particles were detected in some bottles. The problem seems to have originated at the source, and customers can return bottles of Nova for a full refund.

• **Sleeman is ready to buy:** On January 30, Sleeman Breweries commenced their offer to buy all the shares of the Upper Canada Brewing Company (see article on this page). Go on a tour while you still can!

• **Labatt posts record earnings:** The Labatt Brewing Co. ended its anniversary 150th year with record earnings, increasing by 15%, the fifth consecutive annual increase. In Canada, however, Labatt reported only a "modest increase" in total share. If the micros can't beat the big boys yet, at least they are keeping them at bay.

• **Toronto beer festival scheduled:** This summer's Toronto Festival of Beer has already been scheduled, for the weekend of August 7th-9th. More details in the future.

What to do? The Raptors Lost World...

Bart Egnal

The Raptors are a mess and in shambles. The team loses again and again, is hit hard by injuries, suffered through the loss of Isiah (the Betrayer) Thomas and just can't seem to get its act together. It's all well and good to say that things will get better, but they won't. Here's my plan to restore the franchise to respectability:

1. Trade Damon. Do it now, Glen, before your indecision leads to him walking away and getting nothing. If you can, ship Camby out too. Some possibilities include sending him and Camby to Minnesota for Stephon Marbury. The T-Wolves are worried about resigning "Starbury" and would likely bite at a deal which garnered the more dependable and steady Damon. Steph would enjoy TO more than the Twin Cities. *Sports Illustrated* reported that the Nets

were offering Kendall Gill, and the *Sporting News* printed that they'd swap Cassell for Damon. So ship Damon and Marcus (Gill is a tad small to play the 3-spot in NJ) for Gill and Cassell. Other options include the Sacramento situation, New York and Houston. Olden Polynice and Mitch Richmond who have both demanded trades in Sacramento. What the hell... throw in Tracy McGrady while you're at it he's basically useless. New York's offers are not that great, and Toronto shouldn't bite at Houston's pathetic offer of Kevin Willis, Matt Maloney, Mario Elie and Emmanuel Davis. Orlando has offered Darrell Armstrong, Rony Seikley and draft picks while NY has offered Chris Mills and either Charlie Ward or Chris Childs....

All around the league there are good and even spectacular players who want out. Ship Damon to one of these teams and salvage respectability. Charles Barkley put it bluntly: "Damon's not going to resign" he said. Trade him. NOW.

2. Fire Darrell Walker. Wait'til the end of the season; there's no point in axing him yet. Darrell can no longer claim that injuries brought him down. His pathetic attempts to introduce the bull's triangle offense as well as his unfounded belief in a switching defense dug the Raptors into a hole they will not soon climb out of. Darrell

has also lost the fire that helped him to motivate last season, and is chewing out the wrong players (ie. Doug Christie). It is clear that he has lost the respect of his team, and his X's and O's strategy is awful. The man to pursue is George Karl. Though it is doubtful that Seattle will let him go when his contract expires, Karl has expressed that he is angry and dissatisfied with the way that the Seattle ownership rebuffed him when he went to renew his contract. If you dangle a large

enough carrot (ie. a 5-year deal of Pitinoesque stature and the reins of the GM position) he might be persuaded to switch to the Raps. If not, look for a solid coach like Utah's Rick Majerus (who unfortunately has made it clear that he will not coach due to the long 82 game schedule) to teach the Raptors to play fundamentally sound basketball.

3. Axe Glen Grunwald. Look, I know Glen's a nice guy, but nice guys finish last in the vicious world of the NBA. What we need is someone tough like a Pat Riley. If we get a coach-GM (ie. George Karl) then so be it. But Glen has proven himself by doing absolutely nothing. He's in over his head and is too hesitant to trade Damon for fear of making a crashing mistake. In this case, something has to be done. A new GM must be brought in NOW.

It's pretty obvious that something is wrong—even with a [relatively] healthy team, the Raptors are still 2-8 in their past 10. And it's not like the Lakers, Knicks, Heat and Bulls haven't had superstar injuries....let's cut the crap and the excuses. The time to act is now, before Toronto wakes up and realizes they're paying up to \$100.00 to watch a team with no chance in hell of winning.

Email me: starbury_3@hotmail.com

Visit my website: <http://www.geocities.com/colosseum/track/4442>



Stephon Marbury may be on the trading block—a possibility Toronto should look into.



Talented yet brittle Marcus Camby should be traded for a more durable and dependable talent

The Jim Rose Circus and His Fellow Freaks

Cass Enright

I had always been curious of the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow, one of the last remaining sideshow acts descended from the Coney Island freak shows of the early 20th century. I had seen Jim Rose on TV before, once on a documentary about sideshows, and again as Dr. Blockhead on an episode of *The X-Files*. I greatly anticipated seeing the Jim Rose Circus when they performed at the Opera House on January 30th.

Jim Rose gained notoriety on Venice Beach in California, allowing people to staple five-dollar bills to his forehead, with the stipulation that he kept the money. After an unfortunate hour-long delay before the show began, Jim Rose burst onto the stage and immediately stapled a Canadian five to his head. The circus began.

Jim was the MC for the show, loudly narrating the stunts, encouraging the freaks, and goading, insulting and disgusting the audience. The first act was Bébé the Circus Queen, who walked up a stairway of swords and lied topless on a bed of nails while Jim stood on her chest. The Enigma, a large and nearly fully tattooed individual performed a regurgitation and subsequent re-consuming ritual of some hearty concoction. Mexican Transvestite Wrestling followed, with "Tickles" Valdez and "Sissy" Martinez bitch-slapping each other with their rubber dildos, the

loser being the one who sucks the other's dildo for a three-count. Judy "The Bull" Jenkins (362 lbs.) and Katie "The Pile-driver" Wilson (404 lbs.) collided in a sumo wrestling match, interspersed with acts demonstrating their own personal talents. Jim Rose himself got into the fun, performing some of the most interesting stunts of the night, including razor blade swallowing (and bringing back up), pressing his face into broken glass while an audience member stood on his head, acting as a human dartboard, and in something he doesn't do for just any audience (he claimed Toronto holds a special place in his heart), the Jim Rose Dick Circus. Jim twisted and squeezed little Jim into such shapes as *The Wristwatch*, *The Hamburger*, and *The Broken Thumb*. Curious readers can see many of these creations on the official Jim Rose web site, "www.ambient.on.ca/jimrose". The final circus act to be introduced was Mr. Lifo. Mr. Lifo, as his name suggests, possesses the ability to lift objects, but unlike most of us would. He (lifted (and rung) a bell with a duct-taped schlong. His show stopper was lifting, all simultaneously, two clothing irons attached to his ears, a concrete block attached to his nipples, and a car battery hanging from his tongue, with the positive and negative connected.

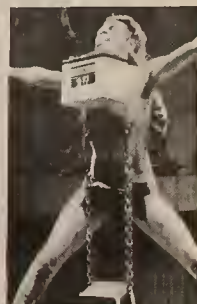
The Jim Rose Circus attracted a sold out, diverse crowd at the Opera House. I believe the media actually gives the impression Jim Rose is more disgusting and obscene than he actually is, however the show did not cross any lines and was a lot of fun. This will be the last tour the circus will do of Canada for two or three years, but the next time Jim Rose comes to town it can be sure he will continue to regurgitate, with new life, the spirit of freak shows past.



The Enigma having some dinner



Jim referees the bulge battle



Mr. Lifo refuses to use his hands

Wag the Dog

Ed McLaughlin

A crisis in the White house involving the President molesting an underage girl has to be covered up because an election is only a week away. Robert De Niro (Mr. Fix-it) is brought in to take the heat off the philandering leader of the free world. The best thing he can think of doing to fix the scandal is to create a phony war with Albania. So he hires a Hollywood producer (Dustin Hoffman) as the media impresario who takes on the job to create the illusion - through new digital technology.

If you've seen the trailers for this film on TV, you don't really have to see the movie unless you're a die-hard fan of the leading men. The scene where the fictitious war is created in a TV studio is the highlight of the film. I felt that great talent in the supporting roles was wasted. Dennis Leary has a few good wisecracks but Woody Harrelson is only on screen for a few minutes, and Andrea Martin for mere seconds. Her name is on the credits for as long as her face is on the screen! I have the feeling that most of their performances were edited out, which is too bad because they are fine actors.

Director Barry Levinson's message is that our governments lie to us and that the ruthlessness of the political animal will go to any length to achieve its aims. Most of us are sophisticated enough to know this already without this preachy effort. The best thing about this film is that it helps vindicate MIT professor Noam Chomsky who has been telling us this about the media/government connection for decades.

The most amazing thing about this film is how it prophesied the present media circus around "Zippergate." Does life imitate art or does art imitate life?



Noam Chomsky is the man



Jackie Brown

Written and Directed by Quentin Tarantino
Miramax Films

Dan Zachariah

As a huge Quentin Tarantino fan I was, needless to say, anxiously awaiting the release of his third film, *Jackie Brown*. Many people, including myself, were convinced that Tarantino would create a film destined to go down in cinematic history as a visionary masterpiece. Some critics were disappointed with the results, feeling that Tarantino opted for convention over creativity by playing it safe. The film bears some in-depth analysis in order to appreciate it as a classic. This does not mean it is any better or any worse than his two previous films. In some ways, we are looking at an example of the new realism that has been weaving its way into the fabric of contemporary cinema.

There is plenty of violence (although it is much less gratuitous than *Reservoir Dogs*) and spontaneous developments that catch the viewer off balance. As with all of Tarantino's films, the politically incorrect humour and dialogue are outrageous; there is no director in Hollywood today who has the guts to take on similar risks. The plot, which involves drug-running, double-crossing, and intrigue, is enticing if somewhat confused. All the performances, particularly those of Grier, DeNiro, and Jackson, deserve strong praise. Jackson, for one, is quickly establishing himself as one of the great character actors of our time and Grier's performance makes us wonder why she squandered her talents on numerous forgettable disasters.

The strange narrative twists and quirks of previous films have been minimized in order to focus on the emotional and dramatic tension created by Grier et al. By most standards, *Jackie Brown* is a terrific success. Indeed, chalk up another cinematic victory for Quentin.

Ernesto "Ché" Guevara: The Bolivian Diaries

Alexi Manis

The Bloor Cinema recently screened the 1994 documentary of the Bolivian guerrilla movement led by the revolutionary freedom fighter Ernesto "Ché" Guevara. Upon entering the theatre, one is immediately confronted with his haunting gaze from a poster of a famous photograph. This particular film captures Guevara's striking features with images, both moving and still, from the post-Cuban period to his premature death. There is always a hint of a grin on his lips, and his eyes seem to have seen a thousand years. The mysterious beauty of the Argentinian shines with the spirit of revolution. The documentary itself, however, does little with random excerpts of Guevara's diary, and even less with the historical background of the attempted 1967 communist revolution in Bolivia.

The camera leads the spectator along the mountain paths and rivers by which Guevara and his comrades allegedly travelled. The calm beauty of the peaceful landscape is disrupted by the fearful passages translated from Guevara's diary. Many long shots linger on famous monuments and settings of the journey; the rocky shore where a young soldier drowned; the tiny school room where Guevara was imprisoned; the outdoor laundry table of a small hospital where his body was photographed by government officials. These images invoke both the horrific conditions and the heroic strength of revolutionary actions in Latin America.

Several personal accounts are filmed, bringing to life the revolutionary events through surviving witnesses and allies. One peasant sits by a campfire outside his hut and recalls the night Guevara sat with him heavy in thought. A group of peasant women remember drinking, dancing and laughing until dawn with Guevara and his men who stumbled upon their village in the mountains.

A great deal of the documentary, however, attempts to fill in for those testimonies that survive only on paper, mostly from Guevara's

own personal records. Some of his text is read over images of peasant meetings or family gatherings which the director has painstakingly tried to restage. Many people who have even the slightest comprehension of Spanish have claimed that the translations of the peasant and government accounts are extremely poor. The translation of the diary, read in English with no Spanish text on the screen, is also subject to criticism. Since the main body of the documentary is Guevara's diary, the validity of the information about his Bolivian travels is questionable.

Whereas most of the available literature and films describe Guevara's successful attempt to solidify communism in Cuba, little is known of his revolutionary action in Bolivia. As the primary source of information about this period, his diary reveals the guerrilla tactics and evolving strategies to free rural peasants from the oppressive elites, as well as the private suffering and ecstasy that accompanied his every day. The documentary recognizes the importance of this source but fails to represent it justly.

Tomorrow Never Dies

Directed by Roger Spottiswoode
Screenplay by Bruce Feirstein
Eon Productions

Dan Zachariah

There have been so many James Bond movies over the years (18 and counting) that it becomes hard to distinguish one from the next. They follow a relatively simple formula that continually attracts moviegoers: comic-book action and violence, sexy ladies, stylish sets, and exotic locales. Yes, it's predictable and devoid of substance, but these candy-flossed features are what brings us back in droves.

The latest installment in the series is pure and unfettered fun for the whole family; a nice escape from the reality of our boring lives designed to satisfy our adolescent taste in entertainment. First, the sex: the gorgeous Teri Hatcher plays Paris, the latest in an infinite galaxy of former James Bond bed-mates who, like all the rest, found Bond's choice of careers to be, "murder on relationships" and slaps him in the face when she runs into him at a large party only to have sex with him before she's polished off the next martini.

Her husband, Elliot Carver (Jonathan Pryce) is the requisite evil maniac/genius who has delusions of grandeur and uses his media corporation - The Carver Media Group - to achieve his wicked ends (now that the commies are history, it appears corporations have become the latest enemy). And of course, there's his muscle-bound sidekick, Mr. Stamper (Gotz Otto), a steely-eyed Aryan well-versed in the art of slow torture.

A pleasant surprise is the addition of a female secret agent (played by the lovely Oriental actress Michelle Yeoh) who teams up with Bond to fuck shit up. It's nice to see a female character who can take matters into her own hands and compete with Bond on his own terms. Far too many Hollywood action films feature helpless females who shriek in terror at the first sign of trouble.

Like all the other Bond films, only more so, *Tomorrow Never Dies* features the "Good-Guy Bullets/Bad-Guy Bullets" dichotomy; Bond uses Good-Guy Bullets which never miss their target, even if he's performing mid-air somersaults whereas Bad-Guy Bullets are discharged through automatic weapons at point-blank range by the baddies yet have the curious characteristic of missing both Bond and his beautiful cohorts by a country kilometer.

But as everyone knows by now, it's all in good fun and I certainly wasn't disappointed. The whole thing has become a parody of itself, but therein lies its attraction. *Tomorrow Never Dies* is both high action and high comedy; not only do the sex and action scenes leave us breathless with excitement, they force us to laugh at their utter absurdity.



Heaven's Burning

Ed McLaughlin

Extreme close-up of a face in a rain-spattered window is the first thing we see in this enjoyable thriller from Australian director Craig Lahiff. It's hard to tell what's happening for a few moments, and this opening shot foreshadows the rest of the story; for in this film nothing is at is really appears.

We soon learn that the face belongs to pretty young Japanese bride Midori (Yukio Kudo) who is honeymooning with her new husband Yukio (Kenji Isomura) in cosmopolitan Sydney. They seem to be a stereotypical Japanese couple, she deferentially submissive, he all business and geeky. They have dinner with some of his coworkers (some romantic honeymoon, eh?), and while he stays to have a drink with the boys, she literally bows out to return to their hotel room. When he gets back to the room, she has disappeared, apparently kidnapped. That would be far too simple a plot in this cleverly written script by Louis Nowra.

Midori has faked her own kidnapping, but her lover wimps out, doesn't show up, and spills his guts to the police. When Yukio learns that he is the "most famous cuckold in Japan", he begins to fall apart mentally, and his radical transformation from nerd to road warrior is astounding. Midori, ironically enough, really is kidnapped in a botched bank robbery, the likes of which I'd never seen in a film before. In surely one of the most amazing and violent stick-ups since Sam Peckinpah's gloriously gory *The Wild Bunch*, and with *Roxy Music*'s version of "The In Crowd" blaring away on the soundtrack, we are treated to some nasty action. This joint is so high tech, it has a burglar proof shield that shoots straight out of the floor pinning a robber to the ceiling, and suddenly it's freak out time.

Cut to the chase, and it's quite a chase. This is one wild ride of a film, but it's more than just another very violent cops and robbers movie. There are sly comments on racism, stereotyping, people's need for freedom, and a large dose of cynical humour that gives it an unusual depth. A fascinating study of what desperation can do to us, and what can happen to those who won't settle for second best.

Four Days in September

Starring Alan Arkin, Fernanda Torres
Directed by Bruno Barreto

Jing

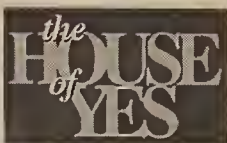
Just as the title suggests, this movie takes place during four days in September. The story is based loosely on Fernando Gabeira's autobiographical, *O Que É Isso, Compadre?* Set against the political backdrop of Brazil, 1969, *Four Days in September* is an adaptation of Gabeira's involvement in the kidnapping of the American Ambassador to Brazil. A group of young idealists takes action against the oppressive Brazilian dictatorship. Although the impetus for the narrative is the political unrest in Brazil of this time, the focus of the movie is around the character development. Each member of the revolutionary group that Gabeira joins is fleshed out. I found the character René to be especially intriguing. She looks as though she is no more than eighteen years old. Yet, while in the getaway car during a bank robbery she turns and opens fire at the bank guard. In another scene, René, playing the innocent schoolgirl, seduces the Ambassador's chief security officer. When the group is keeping the Ambassador captive, René is the one who washes his blood-stained shirt and the one to bandage his wound. The character René is one of the many, very human characters found in *Four Days in September*.

Although the film is mainly a story of the interaction between different groups of people, it also serves as a mental catalyst. In an interview Gabeira compared the youth portrayed in the film to the general political apathy found in today's youth. He hoped that the film could "provoke some thought...that at that time there were some things that many young people thought worth giving their lives for." I enjoyed this movie for its characters and its thought-provoking subject matter. This film probably won't be playing in many theatres but it is worth seeking out.



The House of Yes

Albert Lacey



This black comedy stars Parker Posey as Jackie-O, an unstable twin sister in a wealthy Washington, D.C. family that is obsessed with the Kennedy assassination. Parker, who people will remember from the movie *Dazed and Confused* as the bitchy senior cheerleader, is joined by a small cast of five characters including: Josh Hamilton who plays her twin brother Marty; Tori Spelling (I know what you're thinking. Tori Spelling! But she's perfect for the part in this movie) who plays Marty's girlfriend Lesly; Freddie Prinze Jr. who plays Anthony, Marty and Jackie-O's younger brother; and Genevieve Bujold who plays Mrs. Pascal, the children's mother. Bujold, a veteran French-Canadian actress, also starred in David Cronenberg's *Dead Ringers* opposite Jeremy Irons.

The film is set at the Pascal mansion in Washington, D.C. on Thanksgiving, 1983. A hurricane crashes outside as brother, sister, and mother await the arrival of Marty who has been living in New York for a year. No one is more excited to see Marty than his twin sister Jackie-O. But he's bringing a friend and Jackie-O hasn't taken her pills.

The film is based on a stage play by Wendy MacLeod who wrote the play after seeing "We Are Living In A House Of Yes" scrawled on a wall in a wealthy family's bathroom in Washington, D.C. She sees the play as being about the amorality of the wealthy classes, about people who have never been said no to.

I saw this movie at the Toronto Film Festival and liked it. Parker Posey captivates as the glamorous, on the edge Jackie-O. The dialogue is sharp and witty with most of the jokes aimed at Tori Spelling's character. Genevieve Bujold is mysterious as the dysfunctional family's matriarch. My only complaint is the movie's quick running time. It's only 85 minutes, which seems short for a movie today.

Justine Jackson

Titanic

I must start this by writing that I am scarcely interested in actors and directors, so if you are expecting a rave about "that Leonardo guy", read it somewhere else. If you want to know who directed *Titanic*, go and see it, and watch the credits. That said, it's time to abruptly change the tone of this review, as a smart-assed commentary would not be in keeping with the nature of the film. We have all heard the story of the ocean liner *Titanic* to some degree. Almost ninety years after the fact, the tragedy and romance of that fateful night lives on. Now, the film *Titanic* uses this history, and skillfully blends into it a story of love and endurance that becomes more focal than the sinking itself. The passionate struggle

of a young woman to love at the expense of duty is enough material alone for a film. However, the story is heightened throughout by the sense of impending doom. Vibrant characters, richly designed visuals faithful to the details of the original ship, and ghostly footage of the wreck leave a lingering impression. It is a film experience that still comes to my mind, a week after having seen it. There is so much to appreciate in *Titanic*, both in the story, and perhaps more

importantly for myself, in the images themselves. From the moment the *Titanic* sails, we are treated to both stunning and eerie scenery. Aerial views over a calm sea express the sheer size of the ship, yet somehow point out how small *Titanic* is in comparison to that great expanse of ocean. Later, when an open corridor of the ship is shown, we see it bright and new in the 1912 sunshine.

Slowly, the light fades, as if a cloud covered the sun. The walls take a greenish hue, and the encrustments of ninety years at the bottom of the ocean gradually grow on them, until we see the corridor as it is today in its watery grave. There is a view of the ornate doors that once opened to the first class dining-room, delicate woodwork now shrouded in growth, and in the thick silence of the ocean floor comes the sound of the past. The terrifying activity of the boiler rooms, red-stained steam wrapped around the gleaming bodies of the stokers as they feed fires whose heat seems to reach beyond the screen. A fantastically decorated stateroom with warm velvet draperies and furnishings fit for royalty. The elaborate costumes of the period, mingled with the tinkling of expensive crystalware and affected laughter. There is all this, and more. Perhaps the finest

moment of all comes with a fiery sunset of pink and orange glory. This is the last sundown that *Titanic* and many of its passengers will ever see. At the bow of the ship, the lovers of the story stand beneath this beauty, caressed by the sea breeze. It is a wonderfully exhilarating scene, hauntingly accompanied by Celtic strains of music. And finally, in the darkness, after *Titanic* has descended into the cold depths, we feel the sheer enormity of the tragedy as we are faced by a sea of lifeless bodies, floating in masses on the waves. Here, silence is eloquent.

Amid the grandeur and horror, the story and characters are alive. It has been said by some that the treatment of class in *Titanic* is a



Artwork by Justine Jackson

caricature, grossly exaggerated. This I must disagree with. From writings of that period, it is clear that the class hierarchy had a strong bearing on life, and I do not doubt that when faced with great adversity, ill feelings grew in ways that seem to us both ridiculous and terrible today. It is true that class played an important role in the story, giving us characters like the dominating, patronising fiancé, and the mother who insulted wearing a well-bred smile. I gave us a young woman trying to escape

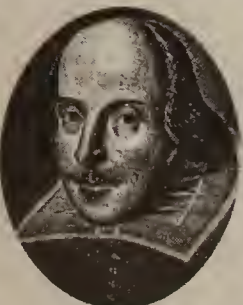
the cage of her life, the carefree artist who had no material ties to restrain him, and the joyous abandon of a steerage revel. This richness was highly entertaining, and the twists in the plot as the end neared created a frightening and exciting climax. The interweaving of the past and present gave a sense of completeness, and at the conclusion, a sense of closure.

There is so much more that could be written here. I could have made more mention of the special effects and computer graphics. However, the film itself says plenty about these. The wonderful intricacies of the story cannot be expressed here, nor can the grandeur and size of *Titanic* be written. These things you have to experience for yourself. The moment when the ship is poised in its last seconds, standing hundreds of feet tall in the black water, with passengers clinging like ants to the railings, is something that must be seen. Views of the great ship on the ocean floor, every fixture frozen in time, are eerie reminders that what we are witnessing is real, that although we may become lost in the story and the romance, the tragedy is real. It is with all this in mind that I can write that *Titanic* is a spectacular film.

Winter Is Coming ... Again.

Andrew Lee

For those of you who recognize that a little play called *A Winter's Tale* was written by William Shakespeare, you are welcome to my future English degree. The actual number of people who knew it right away probably hold secret Shakespeare readings in a telephone booth, or are Professors of English. Needless to say, this rarely produced play, soon to be put on by the Innis Drama Society, isn't one that people have seen too many times. Falling to secure an interview with the playwright himself, I had a brief telephone chat with the show's director, Jean Thomas. "People may not want to see another *Romeo and Juliet* or *Macbeth*", said Thomas. Maybe she's right. But, why go out to see this play? After all it's cold outside ... (and I lost my mittens). Well, personally, I think that it is a good sign when the director chooses a play because she says that she is "in love with it". Jean has no lack of experience in the area of directing. She directed in highschool, and perhaps some of you may have caught her both directing and acting in two plays at Hart House. The most recent of these being *The Tempest*. "I am working backwards through his career", she said referring to *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale* being the Bard's last two plays, in reverse order. I decided to find the comment charming. The 3rd year English specialist out of Vic has been that way all interview. I have decided to find it to be the best phone conversation I have had all week.



This romantic-tragedy, modernized in the Poor Alex Theatre is described as "structurally different" from most Shakespeare plays. The plot is started off with a King being jealous about his wife,

suspecting an affair, and the wife having the King's baby in prison. Of course he suspects it isn't his, and we may well guess what happens next ... they go to marital counseling? No, this is a Shakespearean play. So that I won't spoil the surprise, I won't tell you what happens next, but it rhymes with "The King banishes the baby from the Kingdom".

If it sounds like I am promoting this play, I am. I can't wait to review it, and see how Miss Thomas directs around what she has called "things that are production disasters". Come see something different. The price is right at \$6 for students (us), and \$12 for adults (not me). And if this article seemed a little vague or even cryptic, it is because Jean and her cast have just begun rehearsals and much of the details have yet to be worked out. Until March 25th this play will have to remain mostly a

mystery. Or if you don't buy that, those of you who received the secret decoder ring in your Frosh package may unscramble this article for the "real" article. It was later discovered that Shakespeare did in fact return my call for an interview, but I forgot to check my messages. Oh well, with her trusty stage director Janice Fraser, this is Jean's show now.

Waiting For Godot

Ed McLaughlin

Theatre director Kate Lynch is now two for two. After last year's critically acclaimed production of *Henry V*, at the University College Drama Program, she has returned in triumph again. Her version of Samuel Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot* is an unqualified success. She has cast several very able actors of the graduating class of the Drama Program, and coached them into giving what can only be described as perfect performances. It is amazing that such young actors have such a mature grasp of what is probably one of the most difficult plays to act in the English language. For instance, there are quite a few long pauses in the dialogue and action, where nothing seems to be happening. It runs contrary to an actor's instinct to do nothing, and to do nothing while standing still in front of an audience is extremely difficult indeed. A director (Barry St Denis) once told me that the essential Beckett is in these pauses. I had no idea what he meant til I saw this excellent production.

These pauses force us, as an audience, to really think about what's going on onstage. The writer is also putting pressure on us to get involved with the performers, blurring the line between actor and audience, and redefining what we perceive as entertainment. *Godot* is very entertaining, however, and there is much humour to be enjoyed here.

Two friends are down and out, sleeping in ditches and subsisting on the odd carrot or radish. They are waiting for the mysterious Mr. Godot, who, although he never appears, sends a messenger boy every day (played by an angelic Andrew Craig) to tell them he will definitely come tomorrow. He doesn't, and it is left up to us to decide whether or not he ever will, and if it even matters.

Vladimir (played endearingly by Kim Schaner) suffers from bad breath and a terribly weak bladder, and has to run offstage frantically several times to pee. His friend Estragon (Heather Code) stands at the side of the stage and urges him on, concernedly making whoosh-



whoosh noises to (as if by sympathetic magic) help his pal urinate. Estragon, nicknamed Gogo, can't remember from one minute to the next what's happening, and has sore and very smelly feet. A touching moment (and there are quite a few) happens when Vladimir, nicknamed Didi, finds a pair of old boots and sniffs at them, grimaces in disgust, and then smiles as he recognizes the repugnant odour of his friend's feet.

They are bored waiting, and devise little diversions to help pass the time, such as an exercise program that they give up after a few scant seconds because it's just too hard. It's easier to procrastinate and do nothing, except of course talking about doing something. Their boredom is relieved, for a while anyway, by the unexpected arrival of two of the strangest characters one will ever come across in theatre; Pozzo and Lucky. Looking remarkably like Alex from Stanley Kubrick's *"A Clockwork Orange"* Pozzo (Dylan Smith) makes an unforgettable entrance with poor Lucky (Nancy Rosa). The ironically named Lucky (looking like death warmed over) is burdened by two very heavy luggage cases. A noose tied round his neck is held by Pozzo who also has a nasty looking bullwhip that he isn't afraid to use. Some very funny dialogue ensues between these new "friends", and this is perhaps the comic highlight of the play.

Stage and costume designer Astrid Janson has created a deceptively simple yet clever set. A bleak landscape is devoid of anything except a boulder and a spindly, freaky looking tree. Gogo, made large by what looks like about a hundred pounds of padding, tries to hide behind it, and his vain attempts at concealment are quite funny. Didi, in one of his many "canters" around the stage, bounces out of a bog instead of sinking into it, and continues his run oblivious to the laws of physics.

The University is fortunate to have a teacher of the caliber of Kate Lynch. I'm sure I'm not alone in hoping she returns again in the near future to try for a hat trick. With her record so far, I bet she'd succeed.

Creations invention, whimsy and art

"Everywhere I go, I'm asked if I think the universities stifle writers. My opinion is that they don't stifle enough of them." - Flannery O'Connor

The Touch

poem

A kiss given on Bloor Street
becomes a political act
when our lips touch

I flout you Lori
it's only because you make me proud
to be
out with you

One of your winks
persuades me to rip up my schedule
just to share another hour with you
your eyes hold me in their jet stream
and take me one level higher
than I meant to go

Your hands touch with the wisdom
of a goddess who has gathered
carnal knowledge around her
since before sex was created to share

The music of your groans makes a song of our nights
and every note I share with you
makes a promise in the sweat
perhaps tomorrow
perhaps one more time
perhaps you'll phone
again
again to dance on my sheets

You bring class to faded flannel
as I wrap you in my pajama top
your breasts become my whole world
one nipple lick at a time

You make me feel like a butch god
the masculine to your irrefutable feminine

A little taller a little brighter a lot better looking
than the moment before first you kissed me
you have absolutely energized my life

It takes courage to explore it
for it is part of the life force
a direct cord to heaven
the first and last note in a good night

Which comes to the reason for this note
I just want to thank you

for the touch
the touch

Linda Loucheaux

Plebeian

story

I could not help but imagine how, to the children watching us from the playground, we must have seemed destitute. I admit to feeling a certain pride at this image, an excitement at being perceived as coming from the wrong side. And while I may not have lived up to this representation, my nephews and my niece certainly did. Our derelict posse was made of four constituents. There were the ten-year old twins, Geffen and Yarden, who were my elder sister's, and there was Alon, recently delivered by my younger one.

The sun was relaxing over the Valley, now, and I squinted at the lushness that extended in both directions. The mountains of the Galil survived the haze to the North, and perhaps Haifa could be discerned in the Western sky. In the past, this view could circumvent my distant, urban sensibilities; it would allow me to behold, without cognition, a singular and undeniable beauty. But as we approached the playground, Yarden running ahead, Geffen limply holding my hand, and Alon trailing sullenly behind, I could not help but reflect. Even at this early age, they were all so unexpectedly different.

My elder sister's financial difficulties were invariably betrayed by reckless whispers at family functions. Her children suffered by association. It was widely agreed that their future was unsalvageable, that despite regular infusions of money by my parents into that branch of the family, they were doomed. This is precisely why I felt so drawn to them. To me, their futures promised drama and perhaps a sincerity of being, somehow deficient in my existence. Of course, they looked the part. Symptoms of entropic poverty corrupted their gay appearance: Geffen's wild hair fell ruefully over her eyes, and even her generous freckles rendered her undefinably filthy; Yarden, on the other hand, somehow translated his indigence into something proud, as though it were precisely his lacking which could indoctrinate him into a world more organic than I could ever imagine. And, as though to symbolize this, he wore a new pair of white running shoes that, in their extravagance, challenged the squalor that seemed threatening to encroach.

Alon, born into the considerably greater financial stability afforded by my other sister, wore none of the class struggle that his cousins did. He nonetheless carried a sobriety atypical of four year olds. His countenance promised an adult life of reclusive understanding, and possibly of a terrible violence. In walking with us, he extended this melancholy on the group, and we approached the playground with all the levity of a thundercloud.

There were few children playing in the colourful wooden and metallic fortress that floated in the sand. The mothers guarded the periphery, chattering away in cigarettes and gossip, and each would occasion a glimpse at the center to comfort herself that no child had lost an eye, or had taken one. I was disappointed that they did not register any alarm at our arrival. I sat on the grass and let the children run. Surprisingly, however, they did not run to conquer the fortress. Instead, they hovered close to me, Alon looking at the ground a few steps to my side, and Geffen playing with the sand. Maybe they were protecting me, feeling my awkwardness, or maybe they wanted to be near me, knowing that I would soon be returning, once again, to Canada. But Yarden, quickly appraising my deficiency as a paternal authority, took command, and began to entertain the others. I watched them, engrossed, as those who have grown without siblings often are when confronted with children. They were aliens, raised in a different country, and brought up in a foreign domestic context. I had grown up with a sort of Canadian reservation, compounded by my exile from my sisters. Now Yarden had climbed atop a small tower, and even Alon had emerged from himself to admire. It was hard to resist Yarden in his charisma. But I could see that, now that he had scaled the tower, Yarden realized that he must come up with something in order to retain his audience's devotion. And I smiled at this, because I knew that he would. After a moment, he disappeared, and came back up holding one of his shoes in his hand. I laughed, now, because it was a mediaeval scene, monarch from a balcony holding up the gleaming Grail. But, surprisingly, Yarden threw the shoe to the children below him. Alon retrieving it from the ground, gave it to Geffen who then threw it back up Yarden. I marveled at their young invention, and I laughed some more from the grass nearby. The shoe went back and forth, carving white trajectories across the pallid sky.

I was still laughing when a large dog suddenly appeared and intercepted the shoe before Alon could. In fact, Alon's fresh distress made me laugh even more, as the dog disappeared over the horizon. Geffen, seeing this, began to laugh wildly too, and even Yarden, from atop the tower, smiled broadly. But when the dog failed to return from over the nearby hill, Yarden suddenly became alarmed. Noticing this, I stopped laugh-

ing, but too late. Yarden charged down the tower and ran over the hill. Geffen was, of course still laughing, and Alon resumed his meditations. I waited, lying on the grass with my head over my folded arms. After a few minutes, the dog came charging over the crest, its eyes wide open in panic and the shoe still firmly nestled in its wet mouth. A moment later, Yarden came running in pursuit and both dog and child quickly disappeared over another hill. The mothers were undisturbed. Maybe five minutes passed before this happened again, the dog being chased rabidly by a screaming Yarden. To me, the whole incident had a colourful innocence to it, and I felt as though I was narrating it as it happened, confident that it would be a happy ending. But when Yarden emerged from over the hill alone and limping on his naked foot, I knew suddenly that life held such guarantees only in fiction.

Yarden approached me cautiously, unsure if a reprimand was forthcoming, by way of my being an adult. I smiled weakly at him, unsure myself if I was in for a scolding by way of my impoverished sister. Once again, the child's unusual perception detected my uncertainty, and this education broke him into tears. To me, of course, this promoted the situation into one of immediate gravity. I was sure that the occasion called for me to feign authority. So, I reassured him that we would find the dog and that we would further lavish unspeakable horrors upon him upon his discovery. This had no effect on Yarden, who had correctly lost faith in my command. Placing my faith nonetheless on the inevitability of a happy ending, I collected Alon and Geffen, and together, we marched after the dog.

I am sure that our silence was not born of vigilance, but instead of my insecurity as a leader of this expedition and as the designated grown-up. The quiet was broken only by the wind that carved its way up from the Valley, and by Yarden's punctuated sobbing. I ventured the occasional assurance, but the words were inevitably empty. No sign of the dog. We walked, thus, through the neighbourhoods that surrounded the playground. The streets were empty, as everyone was lost in siesta. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed, and Yarden's sobbing had escalated into angry cries. I could think of nothing to say that would console him. Alon was still bringing up the rear, his eyes incessantly scanning the ground. And Geffen no longer clung to my hand, but was instead hopping and murmuring to herself. Noticing that I was staring at her, she looked up at me and stuck her tongue out. I did the same. She said suddenly that she knows where the dog lives, and Yarden pounced on her and began to punch her, demanding to know why she had said nothing before. I pulled him off and asked her if she could take us, and she nodded dumbly, saying that we all owed her a big favour. I agreed and we walked on, cutting through backyards and porches, until after a few minutes we found the house.

A man was walking about the garden, wearing short khakis and sunglasses. I felt reluctant to engage him, unsure how to explain the situation, but Yarden looked up at me and I knew that I had no choice. So I spoke to the man, in my broken Hebrew, and I explained that his dog had taken my nephew's shoe, without offering any of the details. He looked at me severely, then broke into a smile. He grabbed Yarden and shouted at him to stop crying, because Israeli boys aren't allowed to cry or else the Arabs will wage war, and furthermore, no child that he had taught how to swim is allowed to shed a tear. Yarden clung to this, and soon he was all smile. The man told him not to worry and that within a minute the shoe would be retrieved. He disappeared behind his house, leaving me once again, broken, with the children. Yarden looked at me accusingly, wondering why I was not as strong as this man was. And I wondered the same thing, as I looked at the ground with Alon. Of course after a few minutes, the man reappeared with the sneaker in his hand, and of course the sneaker still glistened. The man barked at Yarden, demanding that the boy smile which, of course, he did. So I thanked the man, and he looked at me and he shook his head and he went back into his home.

We were even more silent on the walk back, but our formation was preserved. Alon would occasionally fall too far behind and I would call him and he would run to catch up. Geffen started humming to herself again, and Yarden was walking proudly, holding both shoes in hand. I thought about it for a few moments, then I came up to him and I said, "Don't worry, little man. We're gonna get that dog." He smiled, "Yeah, we sure will."

Idan Erez

poetry, prose and rumination Creations

The Power Vested In Me

poem

Give everyone, a gun and we'll see
The strong from the strong and the weak from the weak
Give everyone, a gun and we'll see
If peace brings war or war keeps peace
Or if war brings war and peace brings peace
And I shoot you and you shoot me
Give each other a gun:
And we'll see.

Give everyone, a knife and we'll know
The fast from fast and the slow from slow
Give everyone, a knife and we'll know
If there's any joy in the fatal blow;
If you only knew what I could know
They'd take us down to the ground below.
Give each other a knife:
And we'll know.

Give everyone, and kiss and we'll see
The strong from the strong and the weak from the weak
Give everyone, a kiss and we'll see
If friends could ever keep the peace
Or if happiness has gone too deep
If we are floating up the creek,
If we are drowning in the streets,
If we are dying days on weeks,
If we are giving ourselves for meat;

I don't know anything,
But give everyone a gun:
And we'll see.

Austin Acton

Dream Medley

poem

Leaves falling on the rains.
Indians do their dance.
Slyz setting their pinks, purples and oranges,
which are not apples.
Take a bite, but don't eat the worm,
it dwells at the bottom of a bottle.
Hallucinations consuming the darkness,
we see our closed eyelids.
Tears trickle down the faces of sorrow,
that became happiness.
Smiles are a form of linear existence,
mind does not abide in time.
Space is irrelevant to blue tigers.
Drop another hit!
The pendulum swings briskly,
while I count backwards to the orders of...
Dr. Psychiatrist.
Colours are bright, vivid, fluorescent,
and the Indians dance faster.
Space spins and goes nowhere,
time stops at a standstill.
I can't run from the mean bad monster
and go nowhere.
Split the world so I can run through
the pulsating fingers.
Bodily twitches and night sweats.
Awake I say! Awake myself.
Colours become dim.
I slip on the dry ice of intensity
and my eyes snap open.
Back in the realm of space and time
I THINK?

Joanne Csillag

The Kiss

story

The girl's mother sat on the splintering wooden park bench a short distance away from the nearly deserted playground. The neighborhood park was almost totally encircled by graffiti stained buildings, menacing in their vivid colours. She opened a worn and nearly tattered book she had bought some time ago at a Goodwill store and started, slowly, to read. Occasionally her tired brown eyes would dart from the page to scan the playground for her daughter's shock of red hair, and finding it among the twisted chains of the swings or on the battered slide, she could once again cast her eyes back on the page. She always carried a book, though rarely finished one. She was determined not to allow her high school reading skills to deteriorate from disuse. Her family had mourned the event of her dropping out of school when she became pregnant, as well as her wish to keep the child and live with the father, a boy himself who quickly left before his daughter was born. Her daughter had his eyes, and a pain clenched her heart every time her little girl laughed just like the father she would never know. She brushed a stray lock of limp brown hair and adjusted her sunglasses to more adequately shield her eyes from the sun's brightness. She watched the sun set orange flames dancing in her six year-old's hair and smiled as a boy approached to play with her little girl. She fought down an urge to be overly protective and walk over to supervise the play. She wanted her daughter to have friends, and if she approached, the boy's parent might recognize the subject of so much neighborhood gossip. Instead she concentrated on the next few lines of her book, coming across a difficult and unfamiliar word. Like most things in her life she was not going to let a mere word impede her. Her eyes darted quickly to where her daughter and the boy were standing. A bright looking boy, and engaging compared to the petulant shyness of her daughter. They seemed to be talking. She returned to the word on the page, sounding it out softly and slowly. If she were home she would have consulted the dictionary she stole from school. Borrowed, she corrected herself. She had plans to return and finish high school, perhaps even take a few college courses, as soon as her baby was old enough. She looked up again and the pair had moved further away, the boy seemed to be trying to hug her daughter or hold on to her, and she was trying coyly to evade him. Her mother smiled. That's it, she thought to herself, keep doing that right through high school and you'll be fine. Or at least better off than me. She allowed herself the self-pitying thought, and returned to the difficult passage. Oh fuck the damn word she thought, it's probably not even important. She tried to read the next few lines but quickly grew tired and threw the book into her bag. Beyond the playground she heard the shrieking of gulls as they scavenged among the debris of half-eaten hot-dogs and popcorn. Their sound always ruined the peaceful quiet of hazy afternoons, and she blamed their shrill cawing as the distraction from her reading. She scanned the playground for her daughter so they could go home. She saw her girl's head and the boy's blond one bent together conspiratorially. He was leaning over to kiss her. Her mother sighed; she'll be dating soon, she thought. She saw the blood before she heard the screams. The woman's finger absently caressed the scar on her cheek. She'd been told that it looked like a sunburst or a star exploding. She wasn't sure. She had always avoided mirrors and blotted out the memory of fleeting reflections in glass and windows. She knew what it felt like, though, knew it quite well. Smooth and textureless, skin stretched taut from grafting surgeries, attempts to correct that only made it worse. She felt it, like a hole that had been punched into her cheek and was tearing at the edges, spreading and cracking her face. The



Hit-and-Run over by the train of thought

To Jaime Bell & Paul Beidler for support

90210H MY GOD:

Show me someone who's not stoned in this city and I'll show you someone who's delirious on TV. Our generations' imaginations are like a deer in headlights: future roadkill-Kill, Ameri-K-K-Ka, K-mart commercials . . . Purgatory. Waiting to break into heaven with a joint or MTV.

Stories of girls with broken hearts and broken dreams by broken men with broken screams, nervous shaking eyes searching for the place in mind where there are no more broken promises.

I'm blind in the dark, feelings rambling around like footsteps of silent streets. The wind is razor-sharp, moving faster than epileptic hyenas laughing at me, laughing at me.

Minds lost like tears without faces.

I know a place exists somewhere, filed beside the echoed memories of my playground days. Days I was blind to the horizon of pure hues and prozac blues. All my feelings were a single plane; I was a perma-smile in the sun.

Now there are only jigsaw puzzled expressions when I'm biting nails until I taste the blood in linear algebra. No names. No faces. Only student numbers. I am 9768iteMe. Everyone else is just a Wing or a Wang yanking on my ying-yang.

But

I hope.

I feel.

I know that somewhere outside the static curtains people are naked in candy-coated kisses. Somewhere, where butterflies play hop-scotch, where their shadows jump and run by the puppet strings of the summer sun.

I just need to give a shit. I just need to give oily-rainbow shits. I just need to give nasal straining, anus flap fainting, global-warming supporting, petroleum by-product farts. Big, fat, and juicy, like a Size Queen dream.

Oh Sweet Jesus, I've been hit-and-run over by the train of thought.
Oh Sweet Jesus, I no longer hold on to the hour hands of clocks.
Oh Sweet Jesus, I just don't want to die crying in the laughing rain.
Oh Sweet Jesus.
Sweet Jesus.
Jesus?

Brian Kim 01/98

mercy of her mother's poverty ended the operations when she was fourteen. But the damage was irreparable and went deeper than her skin.

She saw the cab driver's eyes dart nervously to the rear-view mirror to watch her caress the scar. Those kinds of glances were familiar to her, and over the years she tried to ignore them. Her heart used to break every time she heard someone whisper "she would be so pretty if it weren't for that. . ."

MARK STAIN STAR SCAR
Her first lover was named Mark. She met him in the bowels of some dark nightclub whose name she had forgotten but treasured the taste of its liquor. She used to drink herself into non-existence there, drowning down the stares and the looks of mothers who pulled their children closer to their bodies whenever she passed. With every drink, she felt her blood congeal and her heart harden into a dry black scab. Mark was the first too drunk or too stupid to ask her how. In her slurred and bitter rasp she had given him an answer viscous with hatred and self-pity: "It was my first kiss." He took her home that night, and almost every night after that, and

fucked her back into vulnerable existence. She began to save money, her drinking and drug habits curtailed, and she worked odd jobs and even odder tricks to make up the remainder. She began to whisper of surgery, when the midnight light was bright and the world seemed whole for a few hours. He never responded, but would grunt, roll over and fall into a satisfied sleep with his fist buried in her deep bed of red hair.

But today, in an alcoholic haze that loosened his tongue and made him more truthful

Continued on the next page . . .

the back page

Horoscopes

Shiny and Happy



AQUARIUS (JAN. 20 - FEB. 18)

Woo-hoo! It's the Age of Aquarius, so get funky! Go skinny-dipping, but not in freezing cold water, because you will get hypothermia (note: Titanic!) The days are so bright, they're blinding! Don't be too lax about your school-work — only hard work will pay off in the end.

PISCES (FEB. 19 - MAR. 20)

Get your creative juices flowing, in more ways than one, if you catch our drift! Indulge your poetic side during this season of love, and don't be afraid to get drunk in the limpid pools of your lover's eyes! Before you do that, grab a barf bag, because you might hurl at the sappiness of this month (or you just might revel in it!)



ARIES (MAR. 20 - APR. 19)

Clip clop... don't go running up to the mountain this month, or you might get devoured by a big bad wolf (didn't you ever read that French story about the poor little Chèvre? NO, you, don't know what we're talking about!) All you need to know is that you're a ROCK STAR, like James Brown, and lucky you — everyone knows it. You're the centre of attention, for once.

TAURUS (APR. 20 - MAY 21)

Why are you so stubborn? Give into that lusty Virgo, before their libido withers away. Pamper your love with some good ole Valentine's crap — abundant chocolate and flowers will do the trick. Take your friend's assistance willingly — while it's being offered, you would be stupid to refuse it.



GEMINI (MAY 22 - JUNE 20)

Let your fantasies go wild this month. Since you have two personas, you can have twice as much fun (as long as you're discreet). Go for the gold this month, and you won't be disappointed! Make sure you make brownies for all of your favourite friends... the favour will be returned, yeah baby!

CANCER (JUNE 21 - JULY 22)

This is just the month for a sensitive and sentimental crab like you. Stop eating all of the chocolates, though, because then all of your teeth will fall out. No one wants a toothless kiss! (Except for that prof you need to suck up to — start brown-nosing now, so you can pull your grades up sufficiently by the end of the term.)

The Kiss . . . Continued from previous page

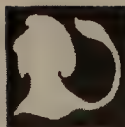
than he knew how to be, he forbade it. "If I want to fuck a perfect woman, I can and I do. But I ain't never had me a scar before," he had said. Then he licked her cheek and passed out on top of her. Silence crept into her mind and the taste of congealed blood rose in her throat. After several moments she rolled him over so that he lay face up. She prayed he would vomit and drown. She dressed quickly. She did not bother to take her things. She realized they were not hers. Half empty bottles of liquid make-up, scratched compacts of pressed powder and tubes of pink congealing paste lay like fractured promises and the unheard prayers of the desperate. They seemed unfamiliar to her in that moment, as though she had walked into another woman's life. She grabbed her jacket, bad Mark's wallet and left, closing the door behind her with a soft click.

As she walked out onto the garishly lit street, she caught a glimpse of herself in a dirty store window and paused. The jagged circle of puckered skin on her right cheek pulsed gently, its six delicate tendrils reaching and contracting in thrumming waves. For the first time she noticed how her scar and her heart beat in unison. She hailed a cab, tucking her bed-tangled hair behind her ear and away from her cheek.

So she sat silently in a cab in the middle of the night's last rush, gingerly outlining the curves of her star. In the rear-view mirror she saw the cabby's nervous glances. She stared in the mirror; her face, his eyes and the dingy interior of the cab caught and trapped together in the glass all at once. Her green eyes looked darker, like the verdant dankness of a rainforest just before a storm. Her hair coiled in slithering shapes she did not bother to subdue. She caught the driver's eyes in the mirror and smiled. The effect was quite satisfying. It was the same smile she used to give her mother when she was young. She had once overheard the doctor say that she had retained muscle and nerve damage, that the delicate muscle and nerve endings had been severed making some facial expressions awkward. When she smiled, even in rare good humour, only one side of her face rose and one eye squinted slightly. Her child's smile looked like a cynical and cruel smirk that brought her mother to tears. But as the years passed, her mother would become enraged at that smile, unsure if the cruelty in her daughter's face was the accident of damaged tissue or entirely genuine. Her daughter soon learned not to smile. Except today; today she felt like smiling. The cab driver pushed his foot further into the accelerator as he moved through traffic, desperate to get the woman in the back seat to her destination quickly.



Pen and Ink by Richard Yee



LEO (JULY 23 - AUG. 22)

Let your fiery passions overflow — 'tis the season to go into overdrive. Don't be too skimpy with your Valentine's purchases — you can never have enough edible underwear! Jump out of the sheets to improve your marks — you don't want to totally flunk out of school. While you may be A++ in the love department, you're not so hot in the Aboriginal Studies department.

VIRGO (AUG 23 - SEPT. 22)

You're going to score with Cupid this month, and you can slough off that puritan persona. Did we tell you to lay off the sauce last month? Good thing we didn't, because you needed some good drunken stupors to get you back in the mood, that is, the mood for love. Enjoy slacker week this month — you deserve it (although you have been slacking this whole year).

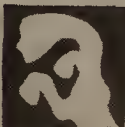


LIBRA (SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22)

Step off those scales this month, and indulge in some Valentine's goodies. This is the month to get your ears pierced, or to get a tattoo, even it is one of those cheap lick-on ones. Remember to love your neighbour this month — just don't go snooping through their mail. They really didn't win one billion dollars — it's just a play.

SCORPIO (OCT. 23 - NOV. 22)

Whoever you sting this month will be yours — you have Cupid's permission. Your mysterious aura is definitely in Venus' sector, so anything you do will set your love a-flame. All of your good deeds have paid off — now you can buy an Outreach to help the homeless. Be a homebody, not a peabody.



SAGITTARIUS (NOV. 23 - DEC. 20)

You have been a temptress/tempter for too long. Bad, bad, bad - for shame! But it's been fun, hasn't it? Now it's time to see if you can aim your arrow at only one person. Let your animal instincts take over — grrrrrr. If you're lucky, someone will send you some chocolates, or some pretty roses. Your hard work is paying off, so enjoy Slacker week in a hot place (yeah baby!).

CAPRICORN (DEC. 21 - JAN. 19)

Your Valentine's Day will be extra hot and spicy this month, so be armed with your arsenal (you know the works!) Try out some of that scented massage oil. Your ambition is overpowering everyone — lay off the sauce sauce sauce (sorry for being redundant, or maybe we should lay off it ourselves!)



When they reached the house she pulled a twenty from Mark's wallet and reached forward to give it to the driver. He motioned to the empty seat beside him, as though to tell her to just drop the bill there. He seemed reluctant to risk touching her fingers. "Keep the change," she hissed and slid out of the car. It sped off in a cloud of dust and exhaust as soon as she had slammed the car door shut. The house was as she had always imagined. Gleaming aluminum siding and expertly painted wooden details. A basketball net hung on the garage above a German-made car. The walkway was clean and even, not a single crack in the stone pavement. Flowers and shabby outlined a front yard littered here and there with a tricycle, a red wagon and black plastic pail and yellow shovel. It was nearly evening and the light was beginning to die in the sky, casting pink and purple shadows, like bruises, over everything.

She imagined families sitting down to dinner, starched white tablecloth and sharp-cornered napkins. She walked to the front door and rang the doorbell long with a stabbing finger, feeling the sound reverberate throughout the house. She waited for what seemed like long moments. Moments summed in hospitals in lonely rooms, or sheltered in briefly abandoned classrooms. Moments locked in stained porcelain bathrooms with rusty razors poised over tender teenaged wrists. Moments in stinking alleyways waiting for the weak solution of liquid death to run its course through her veins. Moments erased and reformed in the blink of an eye as she stood staring at the sharp whiteness of the front door.

It opens. . . upon a handsome face, mid-thirties, dirty-blond hair just beginning to ash, calm blue eyes in the light of the setting sun, and then he smiles with teeth painful in their brilliance, their perfection. "Yes?" he asks and she steps into the pool of light from the open doorway, her smile a ragged slash across her otherwise lovely features and her green eyes glinting in the clean white light. He thinks, she would be so pretty if not for that . . . and he takes a step back. She takes several more steps toward him as the years fade and a moment reforms in his perfect blue eyes. "You may not remember me," she says even though her heart and cheek are pulsing, "but I have something to give back to you. Something you always wanted." She takes a final step toward him, running a dry tongue along the square, flat, slicing edges of her front teeth.

Christina de Melo